

The Library
of the
University of North Carolina



Collection of North Caroliniana

C378

UQb1

v. 2-3

1932-33

*This book must not
be taken from the
Library building.*

194a



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2021 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

<https://archive.org/details/buckjr1193unse>



University of North Carolina SUMMER SCHOOL

To All Fraternities at the University of North Carolina

Cases that have come up for consideration in the past have led the Administrative Board of the Summer School to adopt for the protection of the Summer School and the Fraternities the following regulations:

1. No fraternity house may be operated during the Summer Session unless a member of the fraternity is in responsible charge, and the name of the official responsible member in charge of the house during the Summer School must be filed in the office of the Director of the Summer School.
2. No woman may visit a man's fraternity house, clubroom, or living rooms unless a chaperon approved for the occasion is in the house. An approved chaperon means one who has been approved by Mrs. Stacy, Adviser to Women, whose office, No. 301, is on the third floor of South Building, telephone number 3956, except, that the mother of a member of the fraternity or of a resident of the house is considered an approved chaperon.
3. No woman student may board in a dining hall in a man's fraternity house or club room.
4. The penalty for violation of fraternity hall regulations will be the closing of the fraternity house and notification to its national organization. Individuals who are responsible for the violation will be dealt with in the light of the evidence submitted.

**The Administrative Board of the
University of North Carolina Summer School**

Buck Junior

VOL. II JUNE 24, 1932 No. 1

BUCK JUNIOR will be published once during each term of summer school.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

Office, 207 Graham Memorial Building.

BUCK JUNIOR is *not* sponsored by the Publications Board of the University.

Wootten-Moulton

Makers of
The Yackety Yack

Now Serving the Summer
School

**We Have a Complete Line of
Ladies' Ready-to-Wear and
Men's Furnishings**

NEW DRESSES ARRIVING DAILY

Cool Summer Sports Wear
For Both Ladies and Men

**Don't Fail to Visit Our
Second Floor Bargain Dept.**

BERMAN'S
Department Store
Inc.

Phone 6921

Chapel Hill, N. C.

SPECIAL

**Your Large
Picture**

8x10

For \$1.00

at

Foister Photo Co.

"You're forty-five minutes late. What do you mean keeping me standing around like a fool?"

"I can't help the way you stand."

May: Jack says my mouth is the prettiest he has ever seen.

Grady: Yeah? Well, I'll put mine against it any day.

"Mrs. Callahan, I have very, very bad news for you. Your poor grandfather has just been struck by lightning."

"Heaven help us! I hope it didn't strike him in a vital place!"

She (tenderly): And mine are the only lips you have ever kissed?

He: Yes, and they are the sweetest of all.

Henry: Won't you sing for us, Miss Warner?

Miss Warner: Oh, I can't sing after such good music as we've been having.

Henry (gallantly): But I'd rather listen to your singing than any amount of good music.

"I'll teach you to kiss my daughter!"

"You're too late. I've learned already."

"Here's that quarter I borrowed from you last year."

"You've kept it so long I don't know whether it's worthwhile for me to change my opinion of you just for two bits."

"Is there an affinity between you and your husband?"

"I'm not sure; but I suspect his stenographer."

A certain charter member of Kappa Beta Phi was scooped from the gutter and dragged to police headquarters.

"What's the name?" inquired the Desk Sergeant with poised pen. Kappa Beta Phi shook his head slyly.

"Out with it!" bellowed the Desk Sergeant ominously.

"I don't know," gently informed K. B. P., and then explained in a hoarse whisper, "You see, ossifer, I'm lost."

Deke: You have actually sent a bill with my clothes. What an insult! How dare you!

Tailor: It was all our new bookkeeper's fault, sir. He got you mixed up with those who pay.

"So you want to marry my daughter, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Young man, have you considered her family in this matter?"

"I have, sir. I love that girl so much I'd be willing to put up with anything."

SERVICE WITH A SMILE

Placing a glass of ice water on the table before the customer, the waiter politely inquired: "Will you have Hungarian goulash and spinach, sir?"

The customer violently shook his head. "I never eat the stuff," he said.

"In that case," said the waiter, "dinner is over."

Delt: How's the liquor question in Craven County?

Phi Gam: Liquor question? Say, in one town I was in last week the water had been turned off for ten days and nobody knew it till they had a fire.

AHA!

Professor: Why does the Dean always keep his desk locked?

Secretary to the Dean: Important papers.

Professor: He never locked up his papers before prohibition came in.

Athle Tesfoot: What was that you just played?

Violinist: An improvisation, madame.

Athle: Ah, one of my old favorites.

Poor old Allison got it in the neck last night. They actually hissed him off the stage. A terrible sight—it made my heart bleed. My turn came next and the audience gave me a grand reception—that is, for my first song. When I got halfway through my second, damned if they didn't start hissing poor old Allison again.

Sigma Nu: That waitress made me mad this morning. She said to me, "Do you know how many waffles you have eaten already?" I said "No," and she said, "This makes the fourteenth." Well, it made me so mad I just got up and went to class without my breakfast.

"I saw you just now at the information booth."

"I wanted to find out something."

"You can't find out anything at the information booth."

"That's what I found out."

"My face is my fortune."

"Never mind that. The richest people aren't always the happiest."

Buck, Jr.

"M" SYSTEM

Standard Groceries at Lower Prices

Locally Owned Locally Operated

Dry Cleaning and Tailoring Well Done

Summer Dresses Receive Special
Attention

O'Kelly Tailoring Co.
Phone 3531

Foister Photo Co.

KODAK FILMS

Developing—Printing—Enlarging
Picture Framing

We Lend Kodaks

THE TADPOLE, AND WHAT SHE BECAME

What a wonderful bird the frog are! When he stands he sits, almost. When he hop he fly, almost. He ain't got no sense, hardly. He ain't got no tail hardly, either. When he sits he sits on what he ain't got, almost.

"Georgie! I wouldn't slide down the banisters like that."
"Wouldn't you, grandma? Show me how you'd do it."

Schubert had a horse named Sarah,
Rode her in the big parade.
When the brass band started playing
Schubert's Sarah neighed.
(A pun, my word!—Note by Ed [Brp!])

Buck, Jr.

Contributed by the Chicago Board of Trade

Customer: Say, I want a good job done, and here you send me a guy what looks like a pansy. Whassa idea, huh?
Scarface: Oh, Louie may not be so tough to look at, Mr. Carter, but honestly, he's one of our very best spot putters on.

"Now, lissen here, Black Boy, you're sho' you kin support my Maimie ef'n yo' marries her?"
"Sho', sho'."
"Hab you ebber seen her eat?"
"Sho', sho'."
"Hab you ebber seen her eat when nobody was watchin' her?"

GRAND HOTEL

Prospective Guest: Why, this room reminds me of a prison.

Manager: Well, sir, it's all a matter of what one is used to.

Doctor (examining life-insurance applicant): And what did your grandfather die of?

Applicant: I forget, but I know it was nothing serious.

"Mother, Santa Claus kissed me last night."

"Don't be silly, dear!"

"But he did, mother; he kissed me and he said, 'Go to sleep like a good little girl while I get your mother's rings out of her jewel box to surprise her'."



Graham Memorial Building

BUCK JUNIOR

VOL. II

JUNE 24, 1932

No. 1

GREETINGS FROM THE EDITOR (*Burp!*)

O noble students of summer
school,
forget not you are the citizens
of tomorrow,
(*thank God tomorrow never
comes*)
or that the whole world lies
before you;
(*and behind your back*).
You are the future backbone
of the nation!
(*O quickly, quickly call in a
chiropractor*)
you shall make history!
(*so did Jesse James*)
you are the glory of America!
(*Censored*).
and your name shall be for-
evermore!
(*Mud*).

We welcome you to our cam-
pus;
(*Hast thou paid thy tuition?*)
We greet you with open arms;
(*O coeds*)
and we indite to you this epic.
(*Ah, hearken to the gracious
Editor*)
Engrave it in your hearts, O
summer school students,
(*O hang it not by the Sears-
Roebuck catalog*)
for our belief is in thee!
(*Oh, yeah?*)

By the Editor (*Burp!*)

P.S.—O read often our noble
magazine!
(*But forget not to pay for it—
also often*).

E. (B!)

Hoo: Cheer up, old man.
Things aren't so bad as they
seem.

Ver: No, but they seem so.

Buck, Jr.

Some Advice to Summer School Students

Young lady, don't give that
young feller you met yester-
day the date he asked for.
But if you do give it to him,
don't go off wandering around
the Arboretum to see the
moon—one can really see the
moon from Franklin Street,
you know. But if you do go
Arboretumward, don't let him
put his arm around you in or-
der to help you over that shad-
owy little bridge—he can lead
you just as well by the hand,
you know. But if you do per-
mit the army assistance, don't
—and this is very important—
don't sit down under that ro-
mantically gloomy old tree—
one can rest just as well in
other places, you know. But
if you do rest there, young
lady, don't, *don't*, DON'T—
but why go on?—you've read
all the books yourself. But if,
by any chance, you haven't
read the books, come around
and call on the Editor (*Burp!*)
and he will be glad to assist.
But don't—and this is very,
very important—don't annoy
the Editor (*Burp!*) unless you
are really seriously interested
in an education. He does not
care to waste his talents on
mere curiosity seekers.

* * *

Young man, don't be drink-
ing any of that stuff that pass-
es for liquor and that you find
so easily obtainable on all
sides. You'll be making a
damned fool of yourself—why
should you call that a good
time, I ask you? You'll shame
yourself in the sight of your

friends, you'll make an object
of disgust of yourself before
everyone, you'll disgrace the
old family name, Hey, Hey,
and drag it in the dust. But
you've read all that before—
why go on? That stuff isn't
liquor, son, it's *poison*, and if
you don't believe it, why bring
a half gallon around to the
office of the Editor (*Burp!*)
and he'll have it tested for you
free, gratis, no charge at all.
(O generous, generous is the
noble Editor (*Burp!*)). He'll
prove to you it's poison. He'll
prove to you it's shameful.
He'll prove to you it's disgust-
ing. He'll prove—but, Oh,
boy! hurry and bring that
stuff around. And don't bring
it around unless you really,
truly, honest-to-Godly want it
tested—and that by an expert,
I mean an expert, what, what,
what.

* * *

But, above all, Summer
School Students, take the ad-
vice of the Editor (*Burp!*)
and don't come to summer
school.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS:

"Beg pardon, but haven't I
met you somewhere before?"

"It certainly smells like
good whiskey."

"Who was that lady I seen
you—"

"Aren't you a Beta?"

"Why were you and Madge
parked out on the Pittsboro
road last night?"

"Do you go to Duke?"



Nice Girl, Wasn't She?

A blinking old gentleman, quite self-important, was accosted by a fresh gamin who lacked respect for dignified self-importance. "What time is it, Mister?" inquired the gamin pertly.

The dignified one graciously condescended to withdraw and consult a huge and ancient gold watch. "What, it's seven minutes of nine," he informed.

"Well, Mister, go to hell at nine o'clock!" cried the gamin, speeding away.

Enraged at having his kindly condescension so treated, the old gentleman forgot his dignity enough to give chase, and almost immediately bumped into a policeman. "I say," he panted furiously, "see that boy? Well, he just told me to

go to hell at nine o'clock!"

"Oh, that's all right," the cop replied soothingly, "you don't have to hurry. You've still got five minutes."

AT A POLITICAL RALLY IN DEAR OLD CARRBORO

"Now come on, everybody! Let's give three rousing cheers for dear old Hoover."

Cheer! Cheer! Cheer!

"Say, whassa matter wit youse guys? Ain't there nobody here what don't hail from de Bronx?"

(Suggestion: Maybe it was only the Editor [*Burp!*])

"They call my twin brother 'Encore,' 'cause he wasn't on the program." —*Old Maid.*

"Bill," said a Beta, looking up from his writing, "do you spell 'sense' with a 'c' or an 's'?"

"That depends," replied a Deke. "Do you refer to money or brains?"

"Aw, I don't mean either of them two," was the reply. "What I want to say is, 'I ain't seen him sense'."

"I have been on this train seven years," said the conductor of the Carrboro Limited proudly.

"Is that so?" said a passenger. "Where did you get on?"

The cloak room girl in a certain well-known Manhattan speak-easy is celebrated for her memory about the ownership of the wraps entrusted to her. Our friend, the Editor (*Burp!*), staggered up to the cloak room and before he could present his check, a coat and hat were extended to him. "How do you know these are mine?" he demanded belligerently.

"I don't know it, sir," replied the little lady politely.

"Then why do you give them to me?"

"Because you gave them to me, sir."

"So you are my grandma, are you?"

"Yes, Johnnie, I'm your grandmother on your father's side."

"Well, it won't take you long to find out you're on the wrong side."



LADY, COULD YOU GIVE ME A ROOM AND BATH?

2
HOURS
LATER
→

-NED WHEELER
(ORIGINAL
COMPOSITION
BY
HERB HAZELMAN)



GOSH, THAT MAN WAS DIRTY!



Dam' that laundry!

FROM THE LIPS OF THE FAMOUS

"Who the hell wants to get married unless he wants to?"

—H. L. Mencken.

"I believe Washington, Lincoln and Hoover to be the three greatest presidents: Washington freed the country, Lincoln freed the slaves, and Hoover freed the working man."

—Will Rogers.

"America needs an ambassador of good will. Why not elect 'Good Will Rogers'; the Illiterate Digest will gladly conduct the polls."

—Herbie Hoover.

"While in Rome, do the Romans."

—Ben Mussolini.

"The economic situation is not alarming."

—John D. Rockefeller.

"I'm an atheist, thank God."

—Gandhi.

"It's a shame the way idols of American slang have applied the dignified nautical term 'three-decker' to sandwiches."

—Gar Wood.

"It's the cut that counts."

—Any Bootlegger.

"Modern humor is vile."

—The Editor.

—Siren.

FAMOUS BARS

Delmonico's.

Speak-easy.

Sweet Adeline.

Prison.

Chocolate.

Grizzly.

(This should have been barred by the Editor [Burp])

Speed Cop: Have you got a driver's license?

Victim: Sure, I've got it here in my pocketbook.

Speed Cop (with disappointment): Oh, that's all right then. If you've got one I don't have to look at it. If you didn't have one I'd have to see it.

"What is more to be desired in an accident than presence of mind?"

"I don't know. What?"

"Absence of body."

"The man who marries my daughter, sir, wins a prize."

"My word, what a novel idea! Is it a money prize or just a silver cup?"

"Not a day passes but my wife shows her incompatibility."

"Isn't it a crime the way women dress nowadays?"

—The Log.

If you are caught in hot water, be nonchalant—take a bath.

—Log

Buck, Jr.

FARM FABLES

He staggered home, loaded to the gills, waived a boisterous good-bye to the rest of the gay dogs, and opened the house door with his Phi Beta Kappa key.

He said good-night without waiting, shook hands with her cordially, and didn't even linger with the other door-mats on the sorority steps.

He won \$20 in a poker game, and didn't let everybody know about it.

He smacked his lips after a Campus meal and said, "Some meal!"

He saw her on the Campus, after having taken her out the night before, and she smiled at him.

He passed a freshman whom he hadn't been introduced to, but who said, "Hullo."

He was at Redwood the night before and didn't wake everybody up on his way home; likewise he got up for, and didn't fall asleep at, an eight o'clock. —*Chaparral.*

Magazine Agent: Is the lady of the house home?

Maid: No, come right in. —*Red Cat.*

She: How many times times have I told you I don't do it.

He: Every time we did it. —*The Medley.*

"Another combination shot," said the co-ed as she leaned too far over the billiard table. —*Agwan.*

Buck, Jr.



One part orange juice, one part vermouth and a dash of bitters; shake well.

BEWARE GENTLEMEN!

Three reasons why a man on his wedding day feels as if it were his funeral: (1) He dresses in black, (2) His friends send him flowers, (3) and he feels like a big stiff.

—*Bison.*

The R. O. T. C. was in camp. "Who goes there?" called the rookie guard.

"A Sigma Nu," came back the answer.

Corporal of the Guard: "Drunken man on post No. 2." —*Kitty Kat.*

She: Leave the house at once!

No response.

She: Did you hear me? I said: Leave the house at once!

He: Well, before I go I have one last request to make.

She: What is it?

He: Will you please get off my lap? —*Dirge.*

"You are divine," he whispered.

"It's damn nice of you to say that," answered the maiden. —*Mugwump.*



Peep! Peep! Hell!

Buck, Jr.

"What's the difference between a co-ed and a working girl?"

"Well, what the co-ed learns from books on biology, the working girl has to get from experience." —*Punch Bowl.*

Violet: I just got a pink slip from the Dean.

Ray: You look nice in pink. —*Puppet.*

"You never smoked in bed before we were married, Henry!" —*Gargoyle.*

Teacher: The lady fed the milk to the cat. Algernon, what is the indirect object?

Algi: The kittens, dear teacher. —*The Log.*

Theatre-goer: Madam, do you have a reserved seat?

She: One more crack like that out of you and I'll have you arrested. —*Froth.*

Girl (at florist's): Have you any passion poppy?

Old Clerk: Gol ding! Just wait till I lay down these roses! —*Belle Hop.*



Bring about two fingers, James.

Magistrate: Prisoner, you are charged with habitual drunkenness. What excuse have you to offer?

Offender (brightly): Habitual thirst, your worship. —*Siren.*

Soph: Where do you think you're going?

Frosh: Who me? I'm going over to the cemetery to dig up a girl for the dance tonight. —*Bison.*

Hot: I've seen Bess so tight she couldn't walk.

Pash: I've seen her so tight she wouldn't walk. —*Kitty Kat.*

Officer: Not a man in this division will be given liberty this afternoon.

Voice: Give me liberty or give me death!

Officer (furiously): Who said that?

Voice: Patrick Henry.

"Most girls would love to go on a house party."

"Yes, that's how most of them get there."

Graham Memorial Barber Shop

TO THE LADIES

We Specialize in Cutting and Thinning Your Hair

Haircut 30c

Basement Graham Memorial Bldg.

It's Cool



A chiropractor is a man who gets paid for doing what any other man would get slapped for.

"Wait a minute, Jemimah, I got to go in dis here store an' buy me a toofbrush an' some toofpaste. I heard tell it were nissary to clean yo' teef evvy day."

"Sho, sho, da's right. But ain't no need o' spendin' good money jest fo' dat. Why don't yo' use yo' Missus' toofbrush, same as I does? I ain't one o' dese here highfalutin' peoples what is so fraid of a few germs. Is you?"

"Say, Chollie, ye're makin' an awful face over that cigar ye jest bought. Don't ye like it?"

"I've got to like it, Gosh dang it! I paid a dime for it."

"But why don't you get married and live with her folk?"

"Can't. They're still living with their folks."

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

Senator Finkelspitz, up for re-election this fall, was giving the folks-back-home the old banana oil. "I say, my friends," he bellowed, stomping the rostrum, "I say that it is the working classes that have made this country what it is today."

"There you go," came a weary voice from the crowd. "Putting all the blame on the poor."

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

"Lady, won't you please buy a magazine? I'm working my boy's way through college."

—*Red Cat.*

"Do you believe in heredity?"

"Sure, that's how I got my money."

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

"What would you do if you found a horse in your bathtub?"

"Search me."

"Pull out the plug."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Buck, Jr.

A Brief Naive History of the University

By ADOLPH MONICKER, H. A.

The University of North Carolina was founded a long time ago, in fact, the exact date is unknown so we will say that it was a heluva way back. It is the first state university in the country and as far as North Carolinians are concerned it is the only one. The foundations were laid near Old East, but a heavy rain came up the night after they were laid and so we have no correct data on this, but the foundations of a university are a minor matter. The things that count in college are not foundations or professors or classes or courses, but of course this university had all of these. After these were installed the faculty began looking about for some one to be students. They went to Durham, Greensboro, Raleigh, and some of them even went as far as Charlotte, but they took so long to return that the Christmas holidays were on when they returned to Chapel Hill so they went home in disgust and the students that they brought back also went home in disgust. So in the very early stages of the university we find an era of disgust predominating. Although these students who did come back during the Christmas holidays left, there were a few that came back after the holidays to be students. These boys were not content with being students, they had to have some recompense for going to school so we find the faculty giving them fifty dollars per year for coming to

school and being taught. At first there was a good deal of contention among the students who should be seniors, but this was eliminated by matching for the positions. The first senior class graduated after being in school for five months. They were reluctant to leave as they only got paid twenty-five dollars for their half year, but nevertheless there were six and a half graduated the first year. The second year went along a little more smoothly except for the fact that six professors were killed and three maimed for life in a snowball fight between the faculty and the students. It seems that the students concealed half-bricks in their snowballs—they were so mischievous in those days. We also find many other interesting and humorous pranks that were played in those first few years of college life. Among these, the best was the time when four freshmen electrocuted the math department by hitching the light wires to the bath tubs in which the math department was bathing. Another very funny incident was the time the sophomore class set fire to the president's house and burned his wife to a crisp—one sophomore was almost shipped for this offense. Perhaps the best incident of the year was the time when the students rushed around the faculty one morning and carried them over and dropped them down the old well. We can well understand how really funny this

was when we learn that six professors were drowned. So we see that the first few years of college life were happy jolly ones. There were no rules except minor punishments for murder and arson. A crisis came in the tenth year of the college's existence when the faculty revised the college rules and regulations and forbid the students to set fire to the buildings, and on top of all this, they absolutely forbid the students to kill professors on the campus. When these rules were made known to the student body the uproar could be heard in Durham. That same night the college was awakened at one o'clock to find all of the buildings were in flames and the most of the professors were burned to crisps. The president was so mad that he kicked his slippers off and threatened to resign and put double homework on all students involved. Things were smoothed over quietly and after two weeks nothing more was heard of the incident.

Thirty years after college was begun the first signs of football began to make their appearance. The game that the students first played was called "Break the Prof's Leg." The rules were very simple and there were no penalties unless the professor got away. After class the students would leave the class room and hurry onto the campus where they would station themselves behind trees and walls. When the professor would make his

(Continued on next page)



Necks Stop!

about 1928—that this something is fraternity. The first fraternities were purely drinking societies and they still are. Later we find these drinking societies turned into social clubs which placed certain restrictions upon membership—for instance, to gain admission one had to have an old man who was willing to send his son to school in a Packard roadster and willing to put a new roof on the fraternity house. Other fraternities only chose athletes who had been six letter men in high school and who were getting their board, tuition, lodging and three hundred dollars per year from the university. Other societies made it a point to have men who bought their clothes from Finchley and who bought their whiskey in case lots. Fraternities were a good thing for the university however as they took the minds of the students away from the professors, classes and courses. Records show that professors served twice

(Continued on next page)

A Brief Naive History of the University

(Continued from preceding page)
appearance on the campus one boy known as the Proffer would call signals such as "A-B-C-D-Prof" whereupon another student behind another tree would reply "L-M-N-O-Prof," and then the proffer would answer "O-S-A-R-Prof," and then the second student would yell, "I-C-M" and then the students would rush out with rakes, axes, golf clubs, tennis racquets, etc., and try to break the professor's leg. It was a very amusing game we are told because half the time the student would forget the simple rules of the game and break his arms or neck. We are told

that the game was not very popular with the faculty as one of them nearly always managed to get hurt. After a while more rules were added and a few professors were allowed to play against other professors. One year we find that the sophomore class lined up against the seniors. The seniors were almost all armed with shot guns and rifles and would have probably won if it were not for the fact that the sophomores had purchased a crate of hand grenades and these helped them carry the day.

About the year 1850 we find something new coming into college; we later learn—



Leggo my arm, Wilpan!

Buck, Jr.

A Brief Naive History of the University

(Continued from preceding page)

as long after fraternities were installed.

After fraternities we have many new things coming up which can be laid at the door of fraternities. We have dances, hops, frolics, balls, midwinters, germans, and grails. The last mentioned is hardly a social function, but rather a certain gymnastic exercise which was carried out by the majority of the common herd in the gymnasium in which the participants wore regular clothes instead of gym suits.

In the twentieth century we find the university hard hit by a new malady. At first the growth of the parasite was so small that no one paid any attention to it, but as the years passed his growth seemed to gain headway until today we find it alarming. This new terror was none other than the co-ed. Not only has she entered every field of activity, but she is already threatening to stamp out the male specie. It was mainly through her efforts that the Arboretum was installed. This place is a horrible place near the co-ed dormitory. It is here that the co-ed inviegled her male companion and after he has once entered there is no hope for his soul.

Other interesting facts about the university which might be mentioned are: The first president wore a number nine shoe; golf balls were not sold on the campus until 1911; poker was first played in Chapel Hill the first night the university was opened—a sophomore won two-fifty from the dean; in 1920 there was still a professor who thought

that the students went to school for an education; in the year 1846 there were six boys in the town of Chapel Hill who had never tasted liquor—these were all under three years of age.

—Buccaneer.

Sweet Young Thing: Stop, my lips are for another!

Fresh Young Man: Well, hold still then and you'll get another.

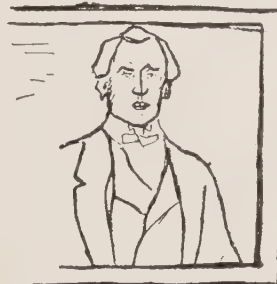
—Punch Bowl.

Actor: A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

Voice from the gallery: Will a jackass do?

Actor: Surt. Come on down.

—The Pointer.



My God! What exquisite hands!

Maids of virtue undefiled
Often pose as wicked, wild--
While ladies robbed of their
security,
Pick the pretty pose of
purity.

—Pelican.

"What's the difference between Hoover and Santa Claus?"

"They both have beards, except Hoover."

"No, children still believe in Santa Claus."

—Jack-O'-Lantern.

DR. J. P. JONES

Dentist

Over Cavalier Cafeteria

PHONE 5761



Aw, let's quit work and go to the library.

Employer: We want a guy who will do what he's told without asking any questions; a fellow who'll let others run the affairs while he just stands by and obeys. Can you handle it?

Prospect: Of course. I used to be king of Italy.
—Wampus.

PROUD OF HUBBY

Young Mrs. Green: My husband is a very influential man in politics.

Caller: You don't say!

Young Mrs. Green: Yes, indeed. George has voted in two Presidential elections and both times it has gone the way George voted.

—Rammer-Jammer.

"Do you neck?"

"That's my business."

"Well, how's business during this depression?"

—Rammer-Jammer.

Cop: Lady, there's no red light on your car.

Co-ed: No sir, it's not that kind of a car.
—Siren.

Uptown: Will you marry me?

Downtown: Why you haven't enough money to keep me in clothes.

Uptown: That doesn't take money; that takes will power.
—Medley.

OUR ENGINEERS

The Rhet. instructor and the Engineering professor were dining together. During the course of the meal the former spoke:

"I had a peculiar answer in class today. I asked who wrote The Merchant of Venice, and a pretty little Freshman girl said: 'Please, sir, it wasn't me.'"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Engineering prof., "and I suppose the little vixen had done it all the time."
—Pelican.

I had sworn to be a bachelor,
She had sworn to be a bride,
But, I guess you know the answer—
(She had nature on her side).

—Black and Blue Jay.

He: Ouch. I've got a splinter.

She (consoling): I'm sorry. I should have told you about that wooden leg of mine.
—Punch Bowl.



Hello! Second floor Spencer?

Buck, Jr.

BUCK Jr. Asks You To Patronize Its Advertisers

Advertisers in this Issue

CAMEL CIGARETTES
FOISTER PHOTO COMPANY
GRAHAM MEMORIAL BARBER SHOP
WOOTTEN-MOULTON
BERMAN'S DEPT. STORE, Inc.
O'KELLY TAILORING CO.
"M" SYSTEM
DR. J. P. JONES

Mention The BUCK Jr.

Smoke a
FRESH
cigarette

CAMEL



***Never parched
or toasted***

Made FRESH — Kept FRESH

b · u · c · k - j · r .

JUNE,

10c

1933



"O.K., girls, but—heh! heh!—don't tell your beads."

■ CARTOONS ■ JOKES ■ BUCKSHOTS ■

Yoo-hoo!

DID anyone ever tell you that you were a born story teller? If so, they were probably lying.

SAVE the patience of your tired listeners by sending your stories to buck jr. Let him print them for you—all the old jokes you've been telling for years—and slip them in your friends' mail boxes when they're not looking.

NO cartoons—just jokes or features. And no pay for contributions.



Our Wastebasket—Box 5
Chapel Hill, N. C.

buck jr.

Vol. III June, 1933 No. 1

EDITOR.....*Karl Sprinkle*

BUSINESS MANAGER.....*James E. Allen*

Published at Chapel Hill, N. C.

Address all communications to Box 5,

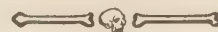
"Number, plee-ez?"

"Univershty fifty sixsh hunnert and oh-oh."

"That's the number you are calling from, sir."

"Yeah. Wanna give myself a fight talk."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*



Clerk: Yessir, that medicine sure is powerful. Best stuff we have for the liver. Makes you peppy.

Customer: Well, can you give me any specific references, I mean people who have taken said medicine with good results?

Clerk: Well, there was an old man living next door to us who took this liver medicine for three years.

Customer: Well, does it held him?

Clerk: He died last week and they had to beat his liver with a stick for three days after he died before they could kill it.

—*Royal Gabboon.*

She was only an Englishman's daughter,
but did she have a broad A!

—*Rammer-Jammer.*



Golfer (to member ahead): Pardon, but would you mind if I played through? I've just heard that my wife has been taken seriously ill!

—*Dublin Opinion.*



"Hello, hello!" cried an excited feminine voice over the telephone. "Come up at once. Two boys are trying to climb in our window."

"Sorry, Miss, but this is the fire department. What you want is the police station."

"Oh, no," reassured the voice. "Our room's on the second floor and they need a ladder."

—*Jcster.*

We Lend Kodaks

NO RENTAL FEE AND NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED FROM
SUMMER SCHOOL STUDENTS

Foister Photo Co.

Cleopatra: Gee, it's way past midnight.
You had better get started.

Anthony: O.K., blow out the candle.
—*Mountain Goat.*



Annie Rutz, daughter of the local candy store keeper, is the Virgin Mary in this year's production of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. She is the first blonde Virgin for a century.

—*Town and Country.*



A wealthy client insured her valuable wardrobe while traveling in Europe. Upon reaching London she found an article missing and immediately cabled her broker in New York: "Gown lifted in London." Her broker replied, after due deliberation, "What do you think our policy covers?"

—*Exchange.*

I F

it is swimming you want

come out to

Sparrow's Pool

where the water is clean
the bathhouses neat
the crowd congenial
and the price right

—open day and night—

Craftsmanship



**P
R
I
N
T
I
N
G**

The Orange Printshop
CHAPEL HILL . . . NORTH CAROLINA

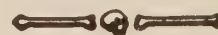
She was sweet as apple cider,
How I loved to sit beside her,
Neath the moon.

In a hammock we were swinging
While the nightingale was singing
A lovely tune.

I became so damn romantic
That she was almost frantic
When we spooned.

All night long we loved and tarried.
A few months later we were married,
Not too soon.

—*Yellow Jacket.*



PAGE MR. WIMPY

Another prize saying: "I would gladly marry you Tuesday for a honeymoon to-night."

—*Red Cat.*

1st He: Woman's greatest attraction is her hair.

2nd He: I say it's her eyes.

3rd He: It is unquestionably her teeth.

4th He: What's the use of our sitting here lying to each other?

—Tiger.



Mr. Sappy: The milkman told me he necked every dame on this route, with the exception of one.

Mrs. Sappy: That must be that stuck-up Mrs. Ritz next door.

—Owl.



"No," said the centipede, crossing her legs, "a hundred times, no!"

—Jack-O'Lantern.

Headquarters for Summer Shoppers

Summer Slacks

Washable Pre-Shrunk Cotton Slacks

\$1.00 thru \$1.95

All Wool

White Flannels and Striped Cords

\$3.95 and \$4.85

Linen Slacks

\$1.95 and \$2.95

Swim Suits

One piece—two piece—or trunks

Catalina and Gantners

\$1.50 thru \$3.95

Drop around and see the many new things we are receiving daily

The Young Men's Shop

126-8 East Main
Durham, N. C.

"Popular Because of Style and Value"

Betty Lou Shoppe

*Women's Apparel
Millinery*

122 W. Main St.
Phone F-8151

Durham, N. C.

And there's the story concerning a clergyman, who, at a dinner, had to listen to a talkative young man who had much to say on Darwin and his "Origin of the Species."

"I can't see," bawled the young whipper-snapper, "what difference it would make to me if m'grandfather was an ape."

"No," skirmished the clergyman, "I can't see that it would. But it must have made a great difference to your grandmother."

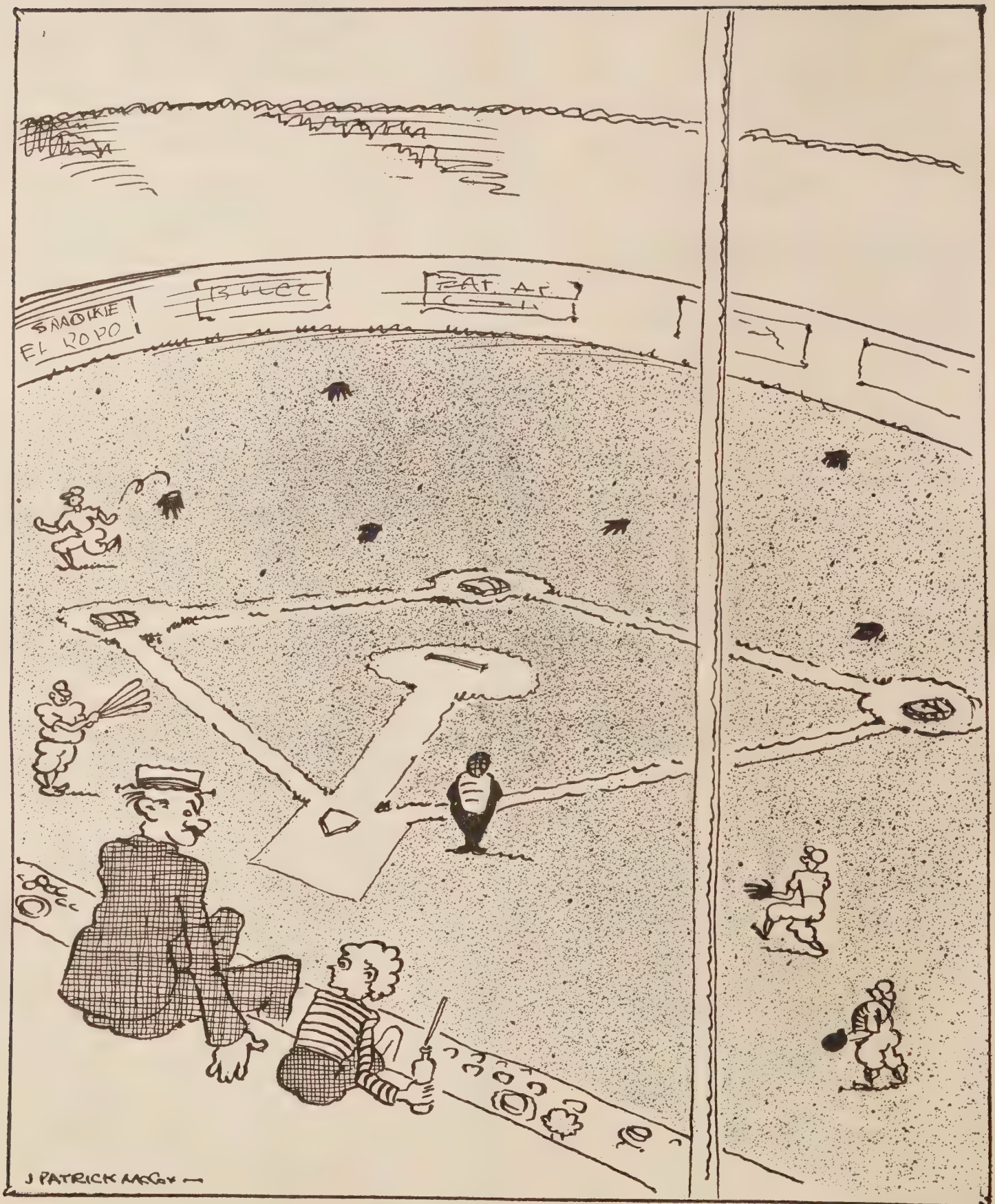
—Brown Jug.



Rastus (rushing in the back door): Mandy, a big 'gator jist grabbed one of the chillun down by the bayou!

Mandy: By golly, Ah knowed somepin' was gittin' 'em."

—The Orphan.



"My little man, can you see the game from your seat?"
"Hell, no! Where do you think my eyes are?"

= b u c k j r . =

VOLUME 3

JUNE, 1933

NUMBER 1

. . . B U C K S H O T S . . .

Registration

Always in the past we have considered this little formality as an unpleasant operation entirely removed from the realm of true education, a sort of recurring initiation through which unfortunate students must pass each time they wish to enroll in the university. For three years we have foregathered quarterly in the Tin Can or the Gymnasium to push and pummel our fellow sufferers, to tread on toes and to swear softly when our own are tread upon, and to add whole-heartedly our small contribution to the general confusion. And not until we braved the heat, the boarding house runners, and several hundred impatient, gabbling females, to register for the present session of summer school, June eight, did it dawn upon us that the process of registration is in itself an education, a character builder.

It takes time and perseverance to fight one's way through the lines of waiting students. To wangle an entrance, through fair means or foul, into the classes of the more desirable professors calls for considerable ingenuity, as does the smooth-talking ability to evade those classes which require — God forbid — work.

And to get by the business office table with a few dollars salvaged from what was once a respectable check, to thumb one's nose, financially speaking, at Mr. Paulsen's washing machines — ah! That is the acme, the final examination in the Registration School of Character Building!

And why not a Registration School, with announcements in the University Record, a faculty and dean, and all the trimmings accorded such branches of the university as the School of Public Administration — which School no one knows anything about? The elementary work could be taken up with a thorough grounding in the principles of name signing, record card writing, and catalogue reading, with laboratory practice in carrying and handling all the form slips one receives. Next could come the intermediate training in hard-prof, hard-course dodging, the grading system to be determined on the basis of the number of crip courses found by the student. And finally, only for

the most advanced undergraduates (and the limited number of graduates who come under the fellowships, and such), could be given the fundamentals of bill-dodging, the student being allowed free rein for research work into this important field of registration, providing his findings and successful methods become common property for the training of future classes. Then of course would come the examination for the degree, which is, as we said before, the successful evasion of laundry fees. Which is about the hardest examination that could be given in the proposed school . . .

Club lady

Forever at a loss for means by which to handle uninterestingly interested club ladies, it did our heart good to see the capable and efficient Dr. MacMillan do his act the first day of registration. Taking a pause from the weighty problems of our new school of registration we strolled over to the English department table presided over by Dr.



MacMillan, squeezed into line, and began the long shift-from-one-foot-to-the-other wait before we could be served. Two or three minutes passed, and the line showed no signs of moving forward as it should. So, risking our position in the line, we stepped up closer to see what was causing the delay.

A sweet young damsel, hardly more than forty, had taken out squatter's rights on the front of Dr. MacMillan's desk and was holding forth as to the dramatic accomplishments of her home town book circle (or sewing circle, or something; we never found out). It seems that she wanted to take a couple of courses here this summer, and, evidently having never seen one of the catalogues before, was seeking information from the English department. She couldn't decide whether she wanted a drama course or a literature course; in fact, she didn't know the difference between them. And it was up to Dr. MacMillan to slip in a few words of the required information between accounts of the home town book, sewing, and dramatic circle. It was a huge assignment that the Doctor had there, but with marvelous patience and efficiency he at last unloaded his burden upon some other unfortunate department head, allowing the line to move once more, and giving this department something to think about: that the old, tried and true, methods are best; if everything fails, *pass the buck*. That's the way the war was won.



Clever people, these gels

One of the fairer sex, for reasons not fully explained to this department, decided to absent herself from class the other day. What she did, or where she went, we were unable to learn, but the next day in class she was as anxious to have the absence removed from the record books as she was to incur it.

Waiting til the rest of the class had cleared from the room, she put on her best piece of theatricalism, and in her most sympathetically honeyed tones begged the professor to erase the mark he had inscribed against her. But nothing doing. The prof was hard, hard as they come, and demanded the reason for the absence, asking why she had no excuse from the infirmary or from the Registrar. Unwilling to give away her secret, the girl refused to give any good reason for absenting herself from class, and being unable to swing the prof her way, started to leave the room.

She had hardly made the door when the thought struck her that somewhere she had heard that the prof was the proud owner of a valuable Scottie, and that valuable Scotties were not to be found any old place. The point was that she had a friend who had just arrived with another valuable Scottie, and thinking the prof might be interested, in a dog fancier's way, in her friend's Scottie, she resolved to strike, or to try to strike, a bargain with the prof.

Turning around at the door, she came back to the desk he was preparing to leave and asked him if it were true he had a valuable Scottie. Somewhat dazed by the question, the prof answered that he did own such a dog, but what of it?

"Well," said the troubled co-ed, "I have a friend who is down here with another pedigreed dog, and I thought if—ah—well, if that absence could be forgotten I might get you in touch with my friend, and my friend's—ah—dog."

Spouting joy at every pore, the prof made a showing of indignation at such a request, but in the end erased the absence and, getting the name of the other Scottie owner, let the co-ed go joyfully on her way, free from the worries of probation, and so forth.

And there our little story might end were it not for the fact that when the prof sought out the owner of the other Scottie he found that . . . *both Scotties were of the same gender!*

Winter sports

It's a long jump from professors and Scotties to winter sports, especially when the winter sports are mentioned about the middle of June, but we heard this little story a long time ago—last summer at Nag's Head, to tell the truth—and pass it along now for the first time.

A lot of the bankers—that being what they call the natives down in that there part of the country—make a pretty good living during the summer taking fishing parties out on the Sound, or to the best fishing spots along the Inlet. These bankers are famed for their ability to pick the most fruitful fishing grounds, their ability to make and consume the finest whiskey produced on the Atlantic seaboard, and last, but far from least, their propensity for begatting innumerable progeny. A friend of ours, a little more curious perhaps than the average summer visitor (and that's saying something!), one day decided to get a little first hand information on banker *kultur* by trying a few personal questions on the man who was handling the boat for the fishing party.

"How do you get money enough to live down here, Jim?" he asked.

"Fishing a bit, takin' you fellers out in the summer," was the slow response.

"Well, what do you do to amuse yourself along these dunes? I can't see anything here."

"Well, a little fishing is pret-



ty good amusement."

Our friend, thinking perhaps that the bankers must do something besides fishing, tried another tack. "Well, why in the devil do you raise so many kids?" he asked.

Jim paused a moment as if trying to think up an answer for a question he'd never asked himself, then grinned and said, "I hadn't thought o' that before, Mister, but you just can't fish all winter nohow."

Which may, or may not, explain something.

Table talk

Over at the Buccaneer Club the other evening several of our men students had gathered for dinner. Seeking out a table partly filled with newly arrived femmes, the men promptly took seats and commenced to strike up an acquaintance with their



female dinner companions.

The initial trivialities soon over with, everyone settled down to the serious business of asking, "Who do you know where?"—that little conversational device so vital to newly introduced Southerners. C. B. Clark, engaging an unusually talkative female across the table from him, started the usual questioning, and began to receive astonishing results. It seemed that he could name not a single person unknown to the co-ed across the table, that she knew every one he knew, anywhere. Trying a few names of people he thought she could not possibly know, C.B. still got the same answers. She knew them all.

At last C.B. thinking it rather odd that he had never heard of this girl who seemed so well acquainted with all his friends, began to be a little suspicious. He decided to try a few fictitious names. Still the same result. Finally, determined to give her the works, C.B. asked her if she knew R. D. MacMillan down in Red Springs.

Oh yes, she know him well! Yes, my gracious yes! When C. B. heard this he almost choked. As it happened, MacMillan was sitting beside the widely acquainted young lady. He almost choked too, so we hear. And we hear the lady's face turned rather crimson when someone down the table blurted that it was R. D. MacMillan who was sitting beside her.

She should have choked, but probably didn't. We haven't heard.



"I love those clocks on your stockings, baby."

"That's O.K., big boy, but they don't need any more hands!"

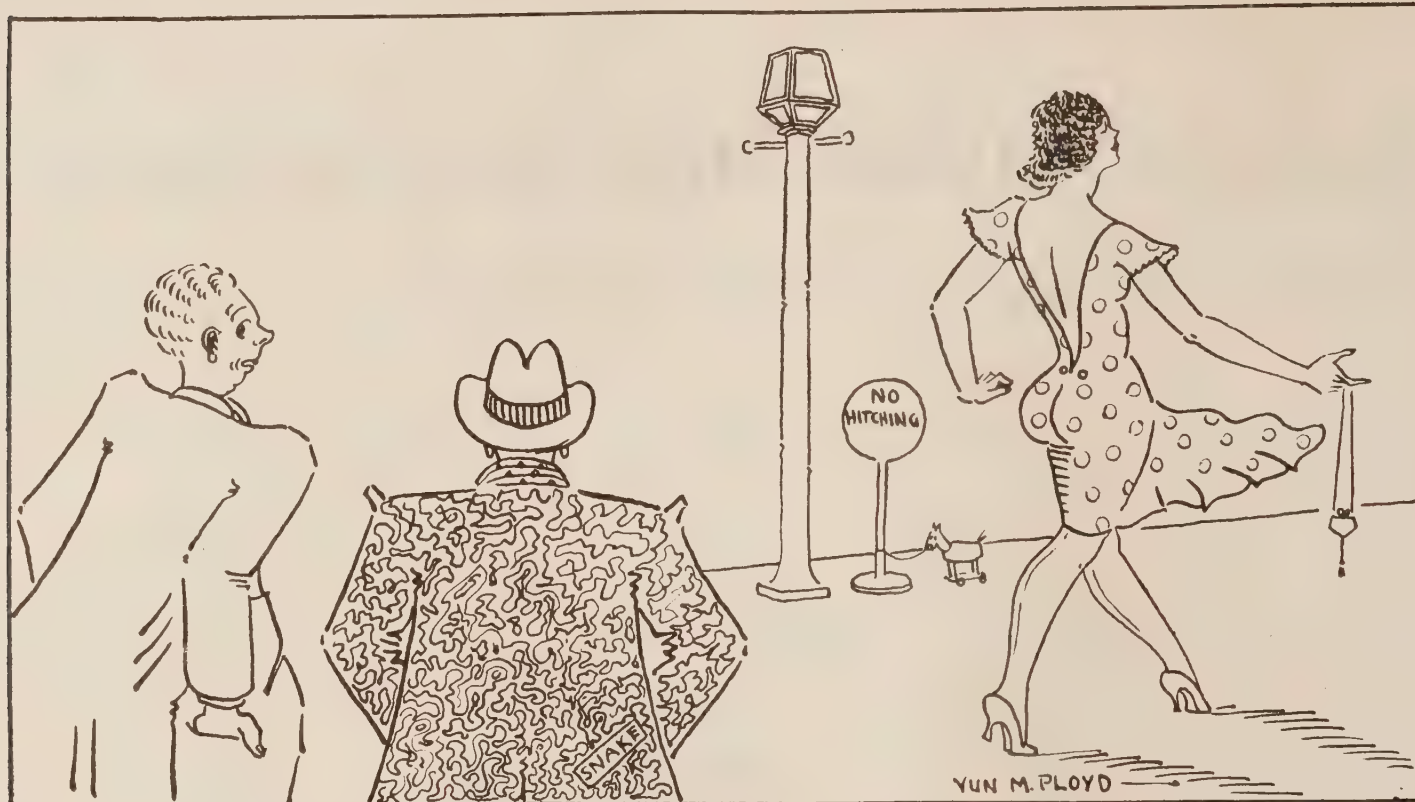
buck jr.'s Blind Date Questionnaire

(Check all the answers you want to—more if possible. Please keep your roommate out of this)

- AGE—() Sixteen () Twelve () Thirty-two (None others accepted)
- WEIGHT—() 99 to 100 () 101 to 200 () 201 up (None others accepted)
- SEX—() Female () Male () Protestant () Catholic () Socialist
- COLOR—() Red () White () Mulatto () Miscellaneous
- PECULIARITIES—() Beard () Mustache () Pug-nose () No nose () Nose it all
- HAIR—() Henna () Platinum () Bald
- EYES—() Azure () Crossed () Missing () Failing
- SHORTCOMINGS—() Adenoids () Hairlip () No money () Insane
- EXPERIENCE—() Unfortunate () Few () Hazy () Freshman
- ARE YOU STRONG—() Yes () No () Paralyzed
- ABILITY TO WEAKEN IN EMERGENCIES—() Fine () Fair () Unbelievable
- FAVORITE PERFUME—() Nuit de Noel () When the organ played at twilight
- FAVORITE LIPSTICK—() Peach () Tutti-Frutti () Calomel
- FAVORITE POWDER—() Baby's Talcum () Gun () Sleeping () Sauerkraut
- TACTICS—() Slow () 10 seconds () Double wing back
- LINE—() Have you got two tens for a five? () When do we eat?
- POLITICAL AFFILIATION—() Judge Lindsay () Mahatma Ghandi () Al Capone
- ARE YOU WILLING TO PAY YOUR OWN CARFARE?—() Yes (No alternate)
- BASHFUL?—() Yes () Oh, my, yes () No () Hell, No
- PET VICES—() Throwing pies () Gnashing teeth () Ex-Sen. Heflin
- FAVORITE SPORTS—() Shooting dice () Hip-swinging () Garter snapping
- LIKE TO—() Neck () Drink () Talk () Dance () Fight

Signed.....

(Sign Anything)



"She just wears that dress to teas."
 "Yeah? To tease whom?"
 (Some pun, eh boss?)

And then there is the story of the two flappers who asked the farmer's son if he had any wind for their wind shield and were surprised when the farmer boy answered, "No, but if you'll come out to the barn I'll give you some tail for your tail light."

—Battalion



THREE WAYS TO END A CONVERSATION AT DINNER

1. Ask the lady on your right if she's married. Should she say "Yes," ask her if she has any children. If she says "No," ask her how she does it.

2. Ask the lady on your left if she is married. If she says "No," ask her if she has any children.

3. Ask the lady across from you if she has any children. If she says "Yes," ask her if she's married. —Penn Punch Bowl.

Aboy was walking down the street wheeling two bicycles, when he met a pal.

"Where'd you get the two bikes?" asked a pal.

"My girl and I were out for a ride," said the boy. "And we stopped under a tree to rest. After awhile I kissed her. 'That's nice,' she said. Then I put my arm around her waist and asked her how that was. She said it was great. So then I kissed her on the cheek and squeezed her, and she said: 'Oh, boy, you can have anything I got.' So I took her bicycle." —Caveman.



Co-ed: You certainly have to hand it to Albert.

Second Ditto: Why?

Co-ed: Oh, he's so backward and shy. —Widow.

Bob met a wonderful girl up in Vermont last summer and had such a good time that as soon as he graduates this spring he's going to get a job in Peru.

—Stevens Stone Mill.



A man came into a railroad station and then remained standing at his ease not far from the window. A federal agent nearby chanced to notice the stranger had something in his coat pocket from which drops were falling in slow trickles. The dry agent walked over, put his finger out under the drops, caught one and tasted of it. Then he spoke to the man:

"Scotch?"

"No," was the reply. "It's just an airdale pup six days old."

Royal Gaboon.



Get out of here with your lies—telling my poor daughter
last fall that you used to be chief eunuch in the Sultan's palace!



So THAT'S why you wanted cracked corn this time, instead of lettuce!

A small boy was rushing madly down the street when he ran into a stranger.

"Hey! What's the matter with you?" bawls the stranger. "Think there is a fire?"

"No," the boy panted apologetically. "I'm running home to stop a fight."

"Who is fighting?" asked the stranger.

"Ma and Pa," was the terse reply.

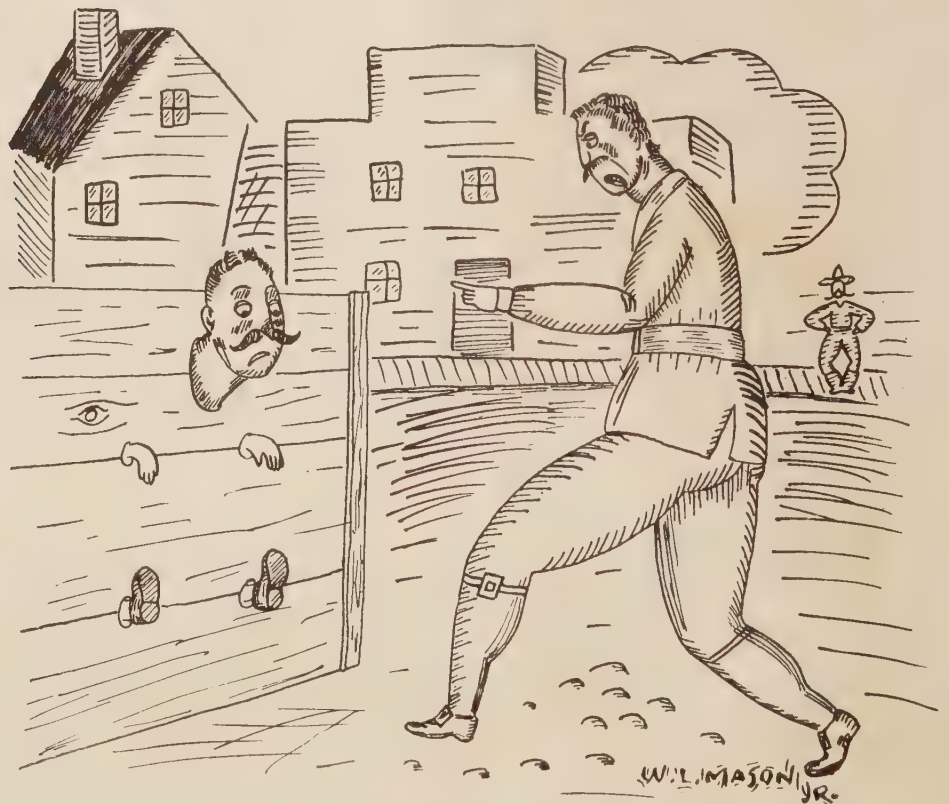
"Say," queried the stranger reflectively, "who is your father anyway?"

"Hump!" snapped the boy over his shoulder as he scurried down the street, "That's what they're fightin' over."—Medley.

She: Stop.
He: I won't.
She (sighing with relief):
Well, at least I did my duty.
—Student.

"Speak up you! If you didn't steal the \$3,000, where did you get it?"

"Honest, chief, I saved it by buying Listerine toothpaste!"



“O.K., Henry, let’s have one on the house.” (Catch on?)

S'TRUTH

Modern Miss
Marcelled head
Shapely hips
Lips blood red.

No bus
Pouring rain
Mumbled cuss
Late again.

Slowing car
Gray and tan
“Going far”?
Nice young man.

Miss assents
Giggles in
Sentiments
Then begin.

Thus commences
Many scandals
Broken lives
Triangles.

—Olga Lofgren.



POME

A city and a chorus girl
Are much alike, 'tis true;
A city's built with outskirts,
A chorus girl is too.

—Nineteen.

“She has the biggest Hispano-Suiza I’ve ever seen.”

“Yeah, I know, and she will wear those tight dresses.”

IN MEMORIAM . . . EX-EDITOR MASON



Jack: "Jep, tha's real pre-war stuff."

Bob: "Yah don't say! When we gonna have the war?"

That Fixed Her

Well, my girl friend turned me
down,
'Pon my fair head she did frown,
Turned me down for other faster
company.

"Damn it all," I says to me,
"Hm—a thought—well, we shall
see,"
So I knocked upon the door of
416.

"How are you? Won't you come
in?"
Said the barkeep man of sin,
"And partake of my delicious
Burgundy.

"Or I've beer and pale white gin.
Won't you please, sir, do come
in?
Join the gang and have a little
harmony."

In I went and sat me down
" 'Pon my fair head she did
frown.
Well, I'll show her. Blast her
better company!"

Beer I drank and whiskey too
"Til I got an awful stew
"Well, I'll tell her where to go
and what to do."

In my trusty Ford I got
Up the bumpy street we shot
SIXTY miles an hour; the DEV-
IL at the wheel.

Round a corner we did fly
The DEVIL drives and he is I
Saw a bridge and tried to climb
up to the top.

Well, they say 'twas sure a mess.
As for me I only guess,
But I showed that girl, by God I
did, she's through!"

—Cornell Widow.

"Did you test this stuff?"
"Yeh, I poured some in the ash-tray to
burn it."
"Did it burn green?"
"I don't know, I can't find the ash-tray."
—*Lampoon.*

Alfred Williams & Co.

Students' Supplies

Athletic Supplies

Uncle George says . . .

"COME DOWN"

to

The Tar Heel Restaurant

for regular meals
or that midnite sandwich

"Consomme, Bouillon, Hors D'oeuvres,
Fricasee Poulet, Pommes de Terre au Gra-
tin, Demitasse, des Glaces, and tell dat mug
in the corner to keep his lamps offa me
moll, see!"

—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

He: I just learned a new dance step.
Are your folks at home?
She: No, why?
He: Come on, I'll show it to you.
—*Record.*

Dancing Lessons

Instructions Supervised

by

Melvin Dobbs

UNDER AUSPICES SUMMER SCHOOL SOCIAL COMMITTEE

EVERY AFTERNOON

MEMORIAL HALL

Dr. J. P. Jones

Dentist

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Over C. & H. Cafeteria Telephone 5761

She: How is it that you pet so divinely
after you've taken a few drinks?

He: That's because I drink rubbing
alcohol.

—*Rammer-Jammer.*

Do you believe in the stork?
Why should I? I've been pretty lucky
so far.

Compliments

Gooch Bros. Cafe

Original Dispensers of Beer on Draught

MISS TAKEN

The newlyweds boarded the train on the start of their honeymoon. The embarrassed groom tipped the porter not to let out that they were just married.

Everything went along fine for an hour, and then laughter and pandemonium broke out. The groom called the porter.

"I thought I told you not to tell these people we were just married."

"Well, suh," replied the porter, "one gen'man ask me if you all is jes' married, and I told him no, that you all is jes' chums."

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

Papa, Mamma and son, Willie, were crossing the ocean. Willie had done something for which his mother thought he needed correction, but not feeling equal to the occasion, she turned to her husband.

"John," she said, "can't you speak to Willie?"

Papa replied in a thin, weak voice, "Howdy, Willie."

—*Battalion.*

"I hear that Smith refuses to speak to Jones any more. What's the trouble?"

"Well, Jones' wife had girl twins and they both look like Smith."

"And Smith is sore!"

"Yea. He wanted boys."

—*Exchange.*

A tabloid newspaper offering \$1.00 for each "embarrassing moment" letter accepted by the editor, is reported to have received the following epistle:

"I work on an early night shift at a steel plant. I got home an hour early last night and there I found another man with my wife. I was very embarrassed. Please send me \$2.00 as my wife was also embarrassed."

The editor, so we are told, sent a check for \$3.00, admitting the possibility that the stranger, too, must have been embarrassed.

—*Purple Parrot.*

Little Boy: Mister, why is cream higher than milk?

Milkman: Because it's harder for the cow to sit on the little bottles.

—*Texas Battalion.*

Uncle: "You boys of today want too much money. Do you know what I was getting when I married your aunt?"

Nephew: Nope! And I bet you didn't either.

—*Log.*

THAT 8:00 O'CLOCK CLASS
Freshman—in class, notebooks in hand, pencil poised.
Sophomore—running to class.
Junior—eating breakfast.
Senior—just turning alarm clock off.

—*Medley.*

TOUGH

A Russian was being led off to execution by a squad of Bolshevik soldiers, on a rainy morning.

"What brutes you Bolsheviks are," grumbled the doomed one, "to march me through the rain like this."

"How about us?" retorted one of the squad. "We have to march back."

—*Iowa Frivol.*

And here we pause to make note of the dumb historian who made the mistake of placing Descartes before Horace.

—*The Battalion.*

The hostess was talking to one of the football men as the two sat listening to a chimes recital.

"Beautiful, aren't they?" remarked the hostess.

"Pardon?" inquired the football man.

"I say they're beautiful, aren't they?"

"I'm sorry," he roared, "but I can't hear a word for those damned chimes."

—*Owl.*

Prof: "If there are any dumbbells in the room, please stand up."

A long pause and then a lone freshman stands up.

"What, do you consider yourself a dumb-bell?"

"Well, not exactly that, sir, but I hate to see you standing all alone."

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*

Pssst!

IF you don't like your mother-in-law, introduce her to buck jr. He'll keep her home.

HE'S a naughty child who can be had. So whyncha come up some time?

JUST clip the coupon, send fifteen cents, and buck jr. is yours for two more issues.

buck jr.

Box 5

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Name

Address

Two Issues 15c

ISN'T THIS THE MOST IMPORTANT STATEMENT EVER MADE IN A CIGARETTE ADVERTISEMENT?



IT IS A FACT,

well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE** tobaccos than any other popular brand. We actually pay **MILLIONS MORE** every year to insure your enjoyment.

(Signed) **R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.**
Winston-Salem, N. C.

BUCK JR.

AUGUST,

10c

1933



"Yeah," says the artist, "my work is in arrears"

■ CARTOONS ■ JOKES ■ BUCKSHOTS ■

Watch for

buck jr.'s

Last Appearance

OUT AUGUST 20th.

buck jr.

Volume III August, 1933 No. 2

EDITOR.....*Karl Sprinkle*

BUSINESS MANAGER.....*James E. Allen*

Published at Chapel Hill, N. C.

Address all communications to Box 5,

"F-e-e-t. What does that spell?" asked the teacher.

Johnny didn't know.

"What is it that a cow has four of and I only have two?"

Johnny's answer was as surprising as it was unexpected.

—*Texas "Battalion"*



This depression is nothing to us, compared to the way the sparrows felt after the automobiles first came out.

—*Auburn "Cajoler"*

She stepped from out the bathtub,
All wet and bare and bold,
A fact which didn't impress me—
She was only two years old.

—*Widow*



Drunk finally finds the keyhole and stamps into the house, where he stumbles around looking for lights. Wife pipes up: "That you, Henry?" No answer. A big crash of glass. "Henry!. What in the world are you doing?"

"Teaching your goldfish not to bark at me."

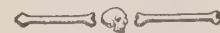
—*Log*

"I don't know how to fill out this question."

"What is it?"

"It says, 'Who was your mother before she was married?' and I didn't have any mother before she was married."

—*Whirlwind*



Football Captain (roaring with rage): Say you dumb duck, who the hell told you to paint that blank-blank bench?

Manager: The coach, sir.

Captain: Looks nice, doesn't it.

WHY NOT?

He: Do you dance?
She: Yes, I love to.
He: Great. That beats dancing any time!

—*Sour Owl*



"Traveling Saleswomen in Great Demand."—headline.

5000 college students apply for job on farm.

—*Belle Hop*



Father: Tell that man to take his arm from around your waist.

Daughter: Tell him yourself. He's a perfect stranger to me.

To the Old-Fashioned Girl: Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.

To Betty Co-ed: Be good, sweet maid, and let who will. Be clever.

—*Bison*



One, two, three little debutantes—
Slouching, scheming flagellantes—
Managed by maternal elephantines—
Scented by precious drops of Houbigantes—
Schooled in the arts of gossip and dance
To hook some gullible fool in pants.

—*Record*

Craftsmanship



P
R
I
N
T
I
N
G

The Orange Printshop
CHAPEL HILL . . . NORTH CAROLINA

A close-fitting short skirt is like a barbed wire fence—it protects the property but doesn't obstruct the view.

—*Witt*



"I couldn't sleep a bit last night because the window shade was up."

"Why didn't you pull it down?"

"Do you think I can reach across the street?"



He: I had to come clear across the room to see you, so I wanna kiss you.

She: Gee! I'm glad you weren't in the next block!

"Did you hear about the Scotchman who had apoplexy?"

"No."

"He was throwing pennies to children and the string broke."



Pi: Florence has the biggest Hispano-Suiza I have ever seen.

Phi: Yes, I know, and she will wear those tight dresses.

—*Exchange.*

Sweet Young Thing (inquisitively): Are you the bull of the campus?

Egotistical Man - about - the - Campus: That's me, baby!

S. Y. T.: Moo!



His Father: Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?

Landlady: Well, Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman.

—*Washington Dirge*

DON'T believe it until you try 'em!

All the "amazings", "astonishings" and "superiors" in the dictionary won't convince you HOW free and easy, cool and comfortable you feel in

DU-ONS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

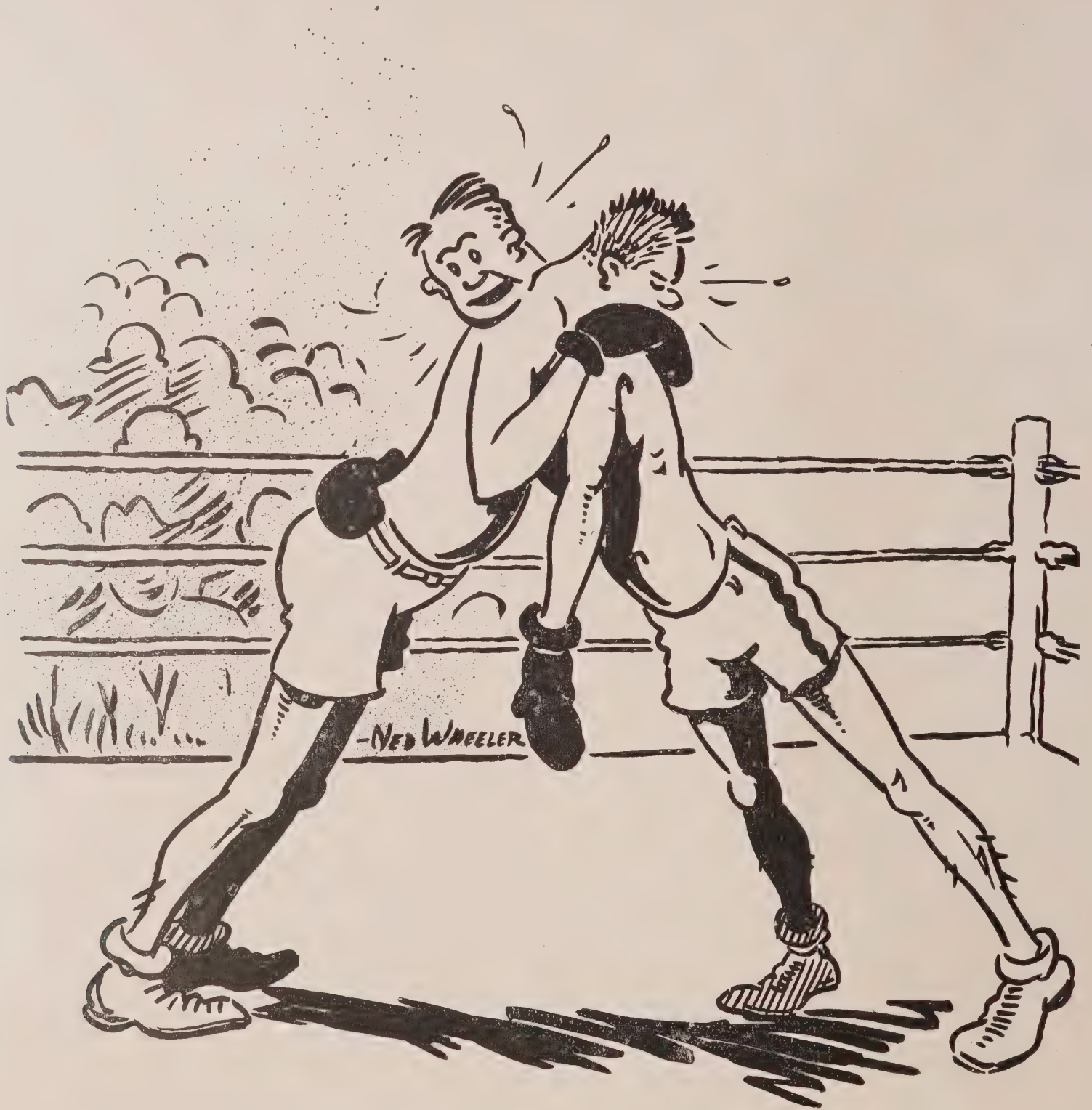
MAXIMUM COMFORT in
MINIMUM UNDERWEAR



But just
WEAR'em
for ONE
week!
Come in
and get
yours now!

The
Young Men's Shop

126-128 E. Main Street
DURHAM



"Listen, for 3½ cents, I'd paste you in the mug."
"What's the half cent for?"
"That's the amusement tax."

= b u c k j r . =

Volume 3

August, 1933

Number 2

. . . B U C K S H O T S . . .

June German

Rocky Mount's big dance is now past history, its hangovers having been long discarded for those of more recent vintage, but one little incident occurring during the course of that *very* long evening seems worth the telling.

While wandering rather aimlessly about the crowded warehouse-ballroom we ran smack into one of those trifling domestic quarrels that are so amusing to the audience and so unbelievably serious to the principals. The feminine end of the set-to, it seems, had accused her somewhat unsteady partner of being tight. Evidently unwilling to class himself with the other 99 per cent at the dance, the man was vehemently denying the charges, admitting that he *had* taken a few here and there, but that under no circumstances could he be classed as an inebriate. The girl pursued her argument, and more and more set became the indignant expression upon the man's face. At last, granting her a verbal victory, the man looked about for material proof of his sobriety. The straight-line test failed to convince the lass, so the gent sat himself down to rack his brain in search of a really indisputable

proof. Finally, with a successful grin on his face, he proposed that the girl remove her shoes and dance with him for a few minutes, the idea being that if he was sober he would not step on her feet. She agreed, and let it be said for the man that not once did he touch his partner's feet. We watched. And at last walked away, wondering if the young lady was not also in her cups.

Geology 11

Geology field trips being what they are, it is only reasonable to expect that sooner or later they would be responsible for a shaft of wit such as was broadcast to all listeners during one of the spring hikes.

The instructor, true to his usual custom of trying to show the perspiring class what a hard-rock man of the open spaces he is, led off with a rush, the class straggling miserably as he swept down Foxhall Branch into the region of Rolling Creek. At last, after the column had hiked for perhaps an hour, taking all the points of interest as they came, a bedraggled freshman timidly asked how far they had to go.

"Oh, about four miles," said the leader, cheerfully.

Another half-hour of scrambling through thickets, over rocks, and up hills, and the freshman, somewhat the worse for wear by this time, once more asked how far they had to go. The same answer, "About four miles, I reckon."

Time dragged heavily and it wasn't long before the same freshman, about to give up the ghost by now, once again asked the distance yet to be covered. Turning about and fixing the tired youth with his most cheerful smile, the instructor said, "Oh, I guess it can hardly be more than four miles, now."

"Well, that's great," said the freshman, by this time thoroughly worn out and disgusted. "We're at least holding our own, aren't we?"

Damon and Pythias

A traveling salesman who has been working in the west for the past few years brings this story from Omaha. It has to do with two men, who for convenience sake we shall call Bill and John, and the loyal and exalted order of Sigma Nu.

Bill (so the story goes) finished his schooling at Illinois, and unlike our graduates of the past two years, succeeded in getting a job immediately after his grad-

uation with a building materials company whose main office was in Omaha. In the course of his work he met our hero, John, and as time passed the two became very close friends. A regular Damon and Pythias affair, it was. Everywhere Bill went, on work or on play, John was to be found. As a pair they were quite popular, and managed to get around a great deal during the next couple of years after Bill's graduation from college.

In his traveling around Bill met several of his dear brethren in Sigma Nu, that having been his lodge while at Illinois, and became more or less closely attached to the rather loosely organized Sigma Nu alumni chapter in Omaha. It so happened that the chapter was made up chiefly of men like Bill who were out of town on business a major portion of the time, but men who took considerable interest in their organization, especially the social side. And whenever they did manage to get together for a smoker, or a meeting, or any sort of gathering, they were sure to find Bill and John in their midst adding their jollity to the affair. And so they came to know Bill and John not as individuals hardly, but as a sort of dual personality that was most likeable.

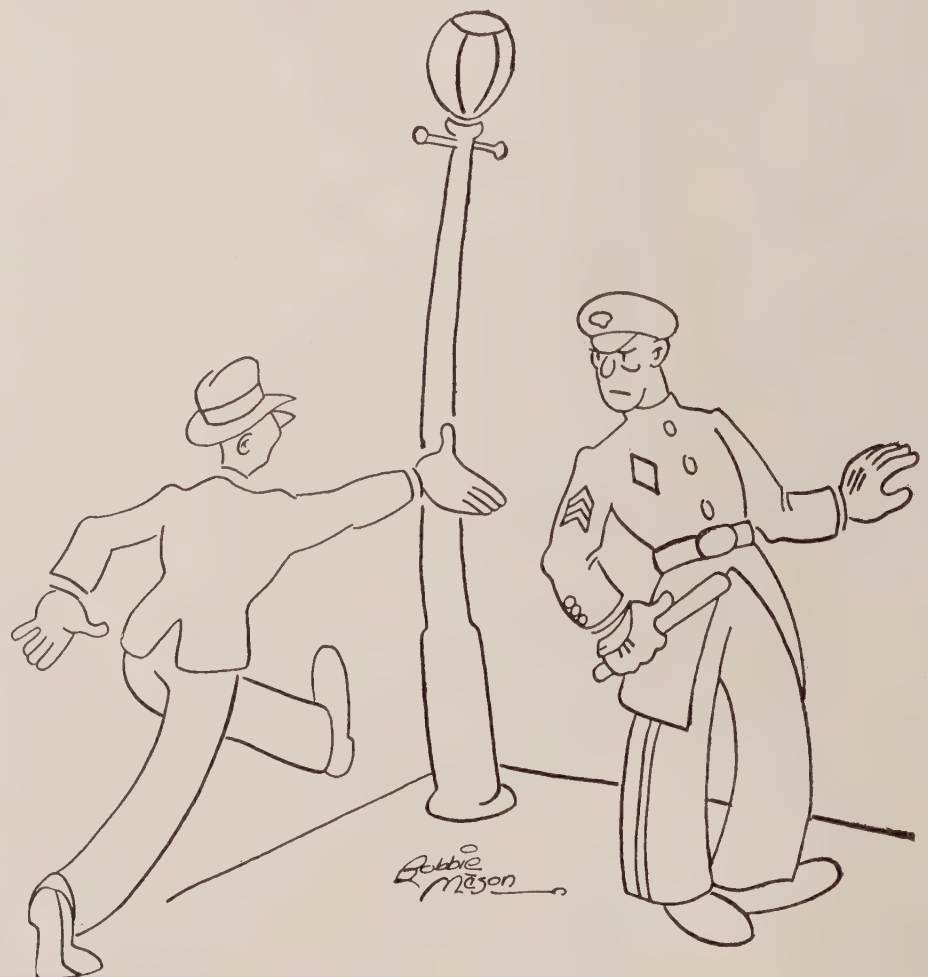
Finally the time rolled around for the election of officers in the chapter, and without surprise to anyone, Bill was unanimously elected president for the ensuing year. He accepted his office gracefully and made an honest attempt at conducting matters as they should be, but his work for the building materials company hampered him immensely.

He had to be out of town a great deal of the time, and was unable to call meetings as they should be called. In fact, his entire year in office went by without a single meeting having been called. It did not matter so much to most of the members, of course, they being out of town most of the time also, but they realized that things could not go on as they had been. So, when Bill's year was up, a vote for a new president was called, and as scarcely a handful of the members were present, notification of the pending election was mailed to all the actives, with request that they mail their votes to the secretary.

Almost to a man they complied with the request. And as the results of the vote were made public the most surprised man in Omaha was John, the good friend of Bill, the former president. For John, choice of the absentee members by a huge majority, was not a member of Sigma Nu! In fact, he'd never gone to college!

Statistics

A friend was telling us of the young man who was employed gathering statistics. One of his assignments was to stop people on the street and ask them to name their favorite number.



"Hey, officer! I just saw two suspicious looking mugs walk into that jewelry store across the street!"
 "Yeah? Probably a couple of vice guys."

The first person he stopped said, "6," the second said "4," the third said "7," and the fourth said "9." Choosing a fifth person the embryo statistician confronted him and asked him to name his favorite number. The man replied, "21437682."

Which, after all, might really have been his favorite number.

It's fun to be fooled . . .

Another story, this time concerning one of our better known men about the campus and a revolving door, comes to our desk with the request (earnest!) that the gentleman's name go unprinted.

The man about the campus, somewhat muddled with local corn, was having trouble with a revolving door. He couldn't seem to make any headway towards entering the hotel in question. Each time he got started, he was whirled around and landed on the street again. Finally giving it up as a bad job, he stood gazing at the mysterious contraption in awe and wonder when a man came along and went in. The door spun around. Out came a young lady. The inebriate blinked his dimming eyes.

"Thass a pretty good trick, all right," he said, "but I don't shee yet what he did with his clothes."



If this poem is printed
It's a cinch
The editor needed
One more inch.

—Froth,



"My wife had twins last week. She named one Hallejulah and the other Encore."

"Why Encore?"

"He wasn't on the program."

Old Lady (to librarian): I'd like a nice book.

Librarian: Here's one about the cardinal.

O. L.: I'm not interested in religion.

Lib.: But this is a bird.

O. L.: I'm not interested in his private life either.

—Black and Blue Jay



Co-ed: I was out last night with one of the boys from the basketball team.

Friend: In what position does he play?

Co-ed: Think I'd tell?

—Phoenix

Judge: And you are divorcing this man for incompatibility? Do you know what that means?

"Oh, Judge!"

—Dirge



"Young man, take your hand off my daughter's knee."

"Excuse me, sir, I was just going to say what a nice joint you have here."

—Voo-Doo



"I'll have chocolate pecan ice cream with nuts in it, please."

—Bored Walk

FOOLED US, TOO

A young sailer was cast away on a desert island. After he had been there for nine years, he espied a figure on a neighboring island. Braving the sharks, he swam there to find a sweet young woman awaiting him. Approaching her, he said:

"How long have you been here?"

"Why, I've been here six years," she said.

"Six years! Why, I've been on my island for nine long years."

"Why, you poor man, all alone for nine years! Well, I'm going to give you something you've been wanting for a long time."

Said the sailor: "Lady, you don't mean to tell me you've got beer on ice!"

—Orange Peel.



"Ma, where do elephants come from? And don't try to give me that old gag about the stork!"

"Professor Abson Minded tried to commit suicide last night. He was going to hang himself from a beam in the attic."

"Good Lord! Did he succeed?"

"No. When they found him he was still sitting on the step-ladder trying to remember why he had that string around his neck."

—The Battalion



First: What kind of a dress did Betty wear to the party last night?

Next: I don't remember. I think it was checked.

First: Boy! That must have been some party!

—Log

He: Listen to that motor sputter.

She (wearily): Yes, I hear it, and right around the next bend the engine will die. We'll have to stop a minute and let it cool. I'll tell you in advance that I won't take even the tiniest nip of that three-year-old stuff in your flask. Yes, I'm a bit prudish that way. No, I don't love you even a little bit. However, I will taste the stuff, and let you kiss me once if you'll be good.

—Mugwump.



Brief resume of plot of Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms"—another case of going from bed to wars.

He: It's certainly dark out here on the porch. Why I can't see my hand in front of me.

She: That's all right. I know where it is.



She passed
I saw
And smiled
She turned
And smiled
An answer
To my smile
I wonder
If she too
Could know
Her underskirt
Hung down
A mite.

—Annapolis "Log"

VERSE BY DONALD ROSS

it seems to me
that the female spider plays un-
fair
to coax the mister to her lair
only to eat him then and there
leaving nothing but his heir.

the fish
fishes are chaste as they can be
the sexes never meet
things just happen in the sea
and their cycle is complete
it is remarkable to see
a fish so free
from society
in the sea
and yet
i'll bet
he can't live happily
and really keep his chastity



Harry, son of the well-known
Scotchman, fell off a bridge in-
to a river and would have
drowned if another boy hadn't
dived in to save him. That
night the Scotchman came to see
the boy.

"Are you the lad who saved
my son's life?" he asked.

"Why, yes."

"Well, where's his hat?"

—Skipper



"I'd like a little loving in the
worst way."

"Have you ever tried necking
in a rumble seat?"

—Orange Peel

SANDY'S SHORT STORY

"There are four requisites to
a good short story," explained
the English teacher to the class.
"Brevity, a reference to religion,
some association with the roy-
alty and an illustration of mod-
esty. Now, with these four
things in mind, I will give you
thirty minutes to write a story."

Ten minutes later the hand of
Sandy went up.

"That is fine, Sandy," she
complimented, "and now read
your story to the class."

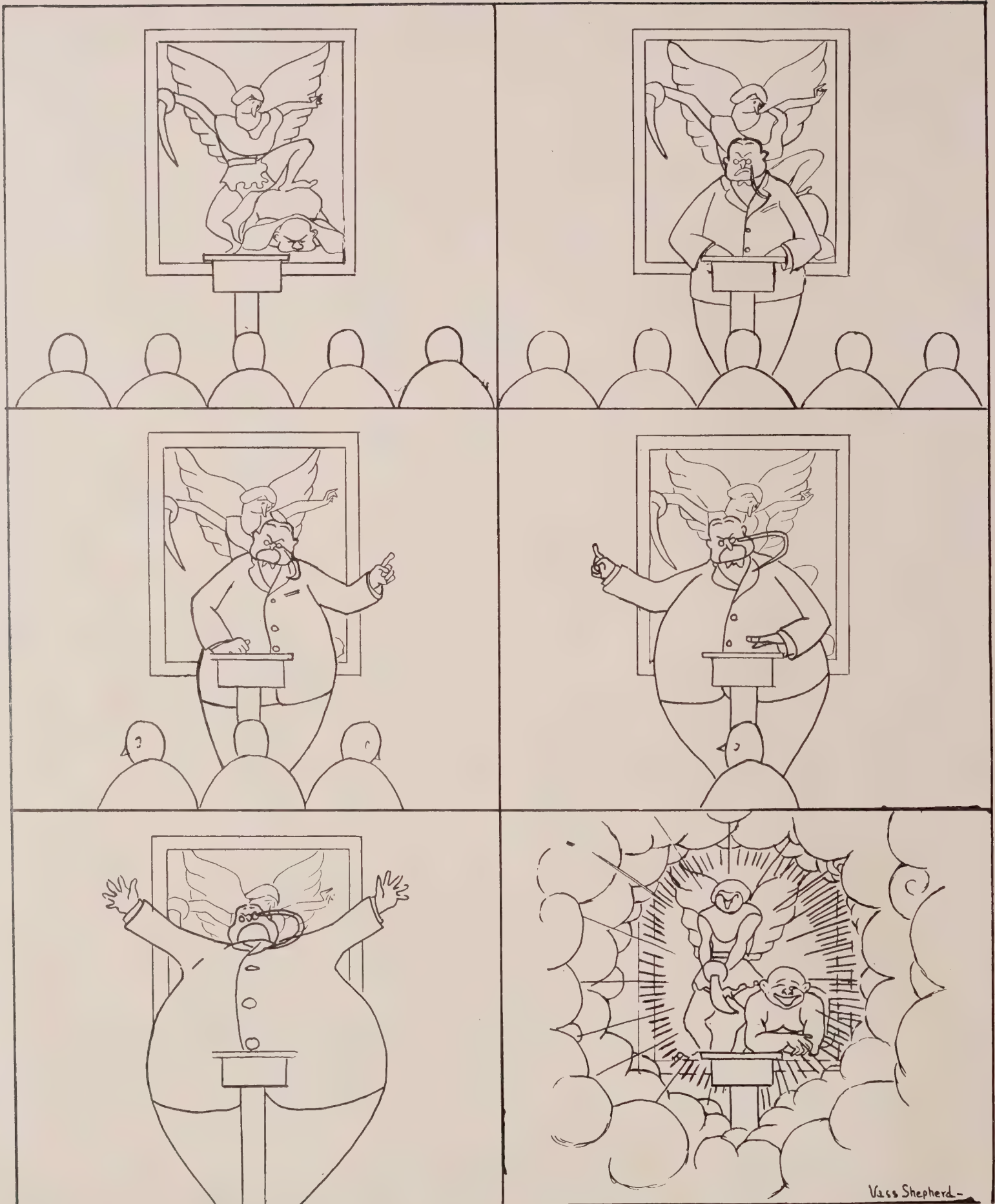
Sandy read: "My Gawd, said
the countess, take your hand off
my knee."

A Scotchman was engaged in
an argument with the conductor
on a street car. It seems the
Scotchman believed the fare was
five cents and the conductor in-
sisted on a dime. After a long
drawn-out argument, the con-
ductor became disgusted, and
seizing the Scotchman's suit-
case, threw it off just as the car
was passing over a bridge which
crossed a small stream. The
suitcase landed with a loud
splash. "Mon," screamed the
Scotchman, "isn't it enough you
try to overcharge me without
drowning my little boy?"

—Purple Parrot.



"You ask me if my girl's built! Man, she has a pair of calves that would
drive a bull wild!"



KONTENTED KLEAGLE

Amos J. Squibb
Was a business man
In Sioux City, Iowa.
Upon hearing
That the American Ambassador
To the Court of St. James
Wore knee breeches
To court, he sent a cable
Upbraiding the Ambassador
For his lack of American
Simplicity.
The next afternoon
Amos J. Squibb
Brushed his teeth
And proceeded to
Garb himself in
A pair of purple
Bloomers, a red vest
And a silly little cap
And marched down
The main street
of Sioux City
With five hundred
Fellow business men
Garbed like himself
And all aglow
With pride and joy
In their glorious
Order.

—Pelican



Mrs. Brown: Does your husband work, Mrs. Briggs?

Mrs. Briggs: Oh, yes. He sells toy balloons when there is a parade in town. What does your husband do?

Mrs. Brown: ~~My~~ husband sells smoked glasses when there is an eclipse of the sun.

—Bored Walk

In a Crowded Street Car
“Do you mink taking your
hand out of my pocket?”
“Certainly not—if you’ll take
your pipe out of my mouth.”

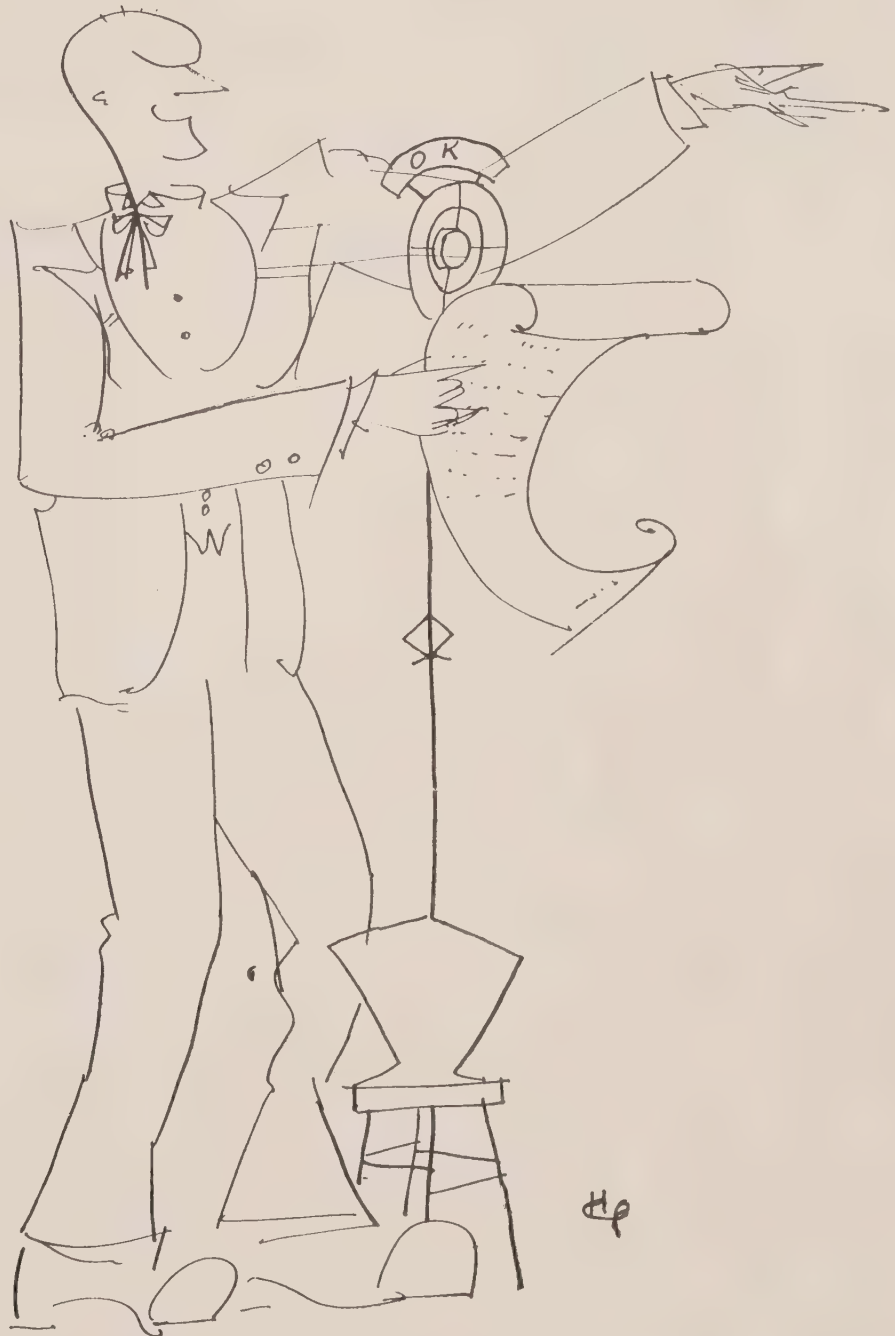
—V.P.I. Skipper

“Shay a street car jusht
pashed by here.”

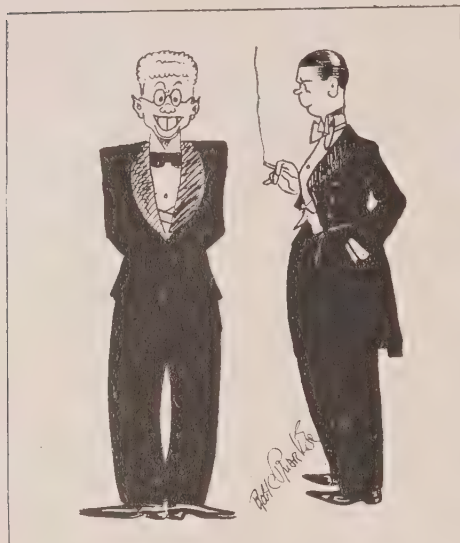
“How do you know?”

“I can shee ish tracks.”

—The Old Line



“Here we are folks! We’re opening the Grand Imperial Laundry this evening, and here comes none other but the Governor to rip off the first button!”



"I heard you were home last night."

"Yes, I was."

"I suppose you found out at last the joys of home life."

"I sure did. It wasn't my home."

GROUNDS FOR SUSPICION

A professor, coming to one of his classes a little late, found a most uncomplimentary caricature of himself drawn on the board. Turning to the student nearest him, he angrily inquired: "Do you know who is responsible for that atrocity?"

"No, sir, I don't," replied the student, "but I strongly suspect his parents."

—Voo Doo



"Goodness! but those are beautiful diamonds."

"Goodness had nothing to do with them, dearie."

—Auburn Cajoler.

Liza (after a fall and recovery at the ice rink): "Did you see how quick ah recovered mah equilib'ium, Rastus?"

Rastus: "Golly, yas—almos' befo' ah noticed it was uncovered."

—Washington "Dirge."



"Dear Mr. Palmolive,

'I bought a tube of your shaving cream. It says no mug required. What shall I shave?

Yours truly,

Oscar Zilch, "36."
Penn. State "Froth."



She: John dear, I wouldn't let anyone else kiss me like this."

He: My name isn't John.

Wife: Do you realize that 'twenty-five years ago today we became engaged?

Absent - Minded Professor: Twenty-five years. You should have reminded me before. It's certainly time we got married.

—Orange Peel.

"Don't you think her voice is improved?"

"Perhaps, but not cured."

—V.P.I. Skipper



"Why does a red-headed girl always marry a quiet fellow?"

"She doesn't. He just gets that way."

—Log



HOUSEPARTY PRAYER

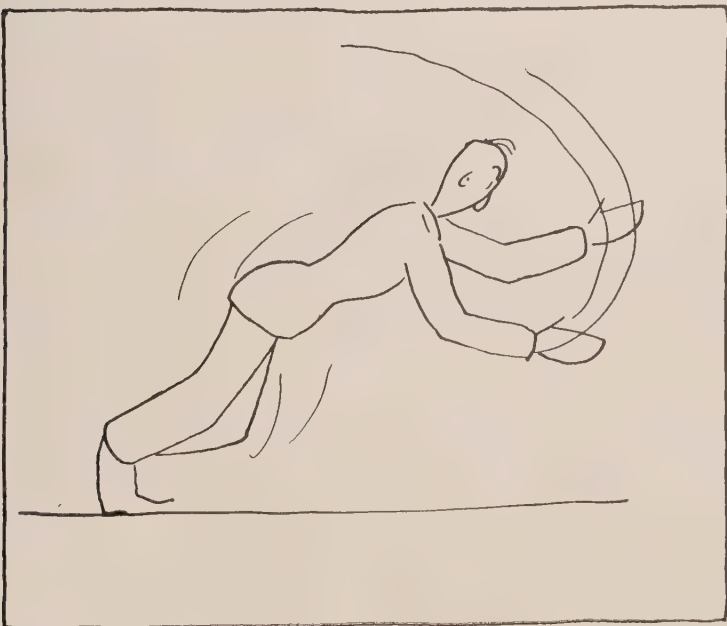
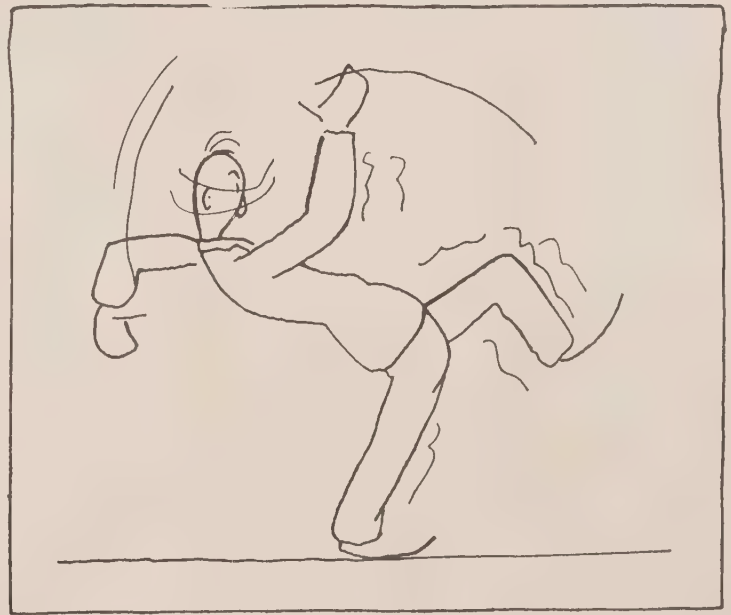
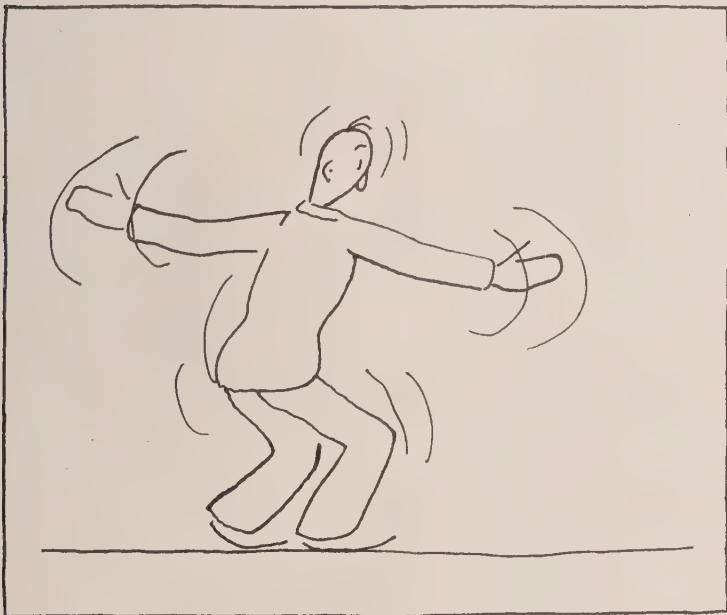
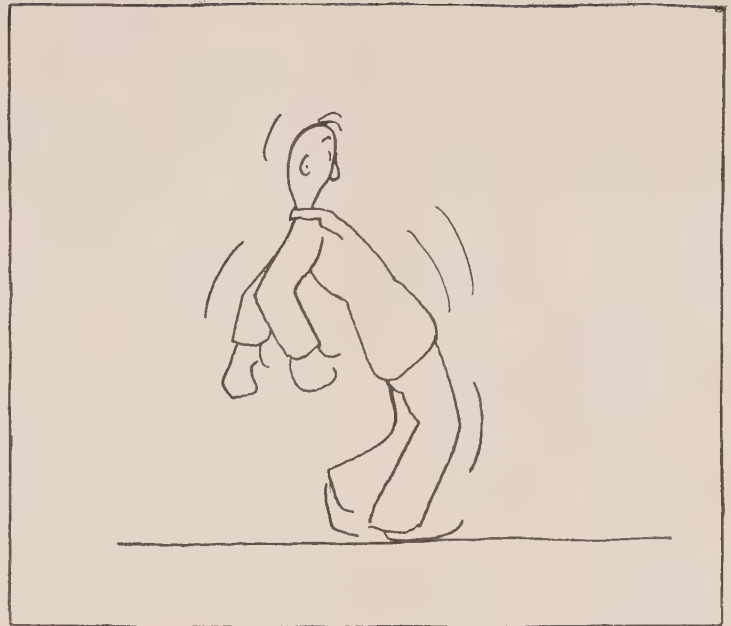
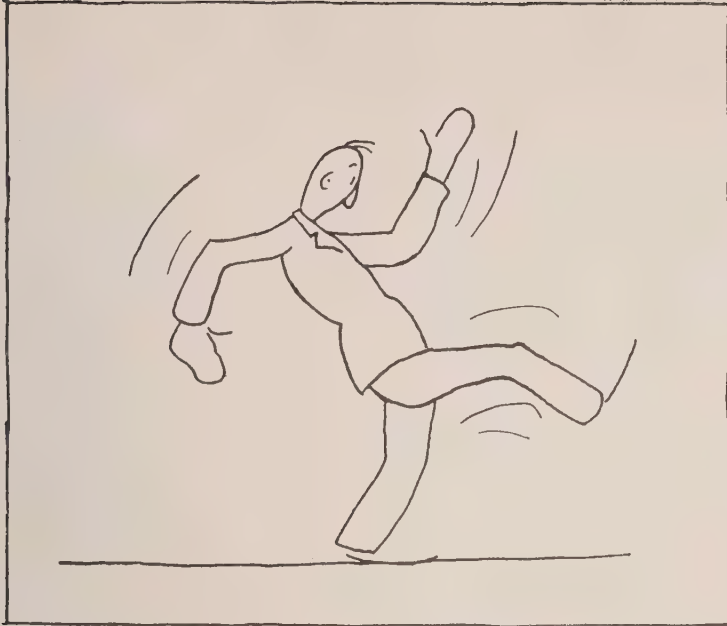
Lord, make her cool
And tall and slim;
Lord, make her one whose ones
Are full of promises
Sure to be fulfilled;
And may her dancing be
A compliment to gracefulness.
Thus would I have her made—
But, Lord, on second thought,
I think I'll make the girl
Myself.

—Froth.



She: It doesn't make any difference whether I wear chiffon or velvet, you like me anyway, don't you?

He: I'll always love you through thick or thin.



Our New Deal Page



But, Geez, Coach; Rough stuff won't work on these slick Atlanta punks!
Dey's all tax-dodgers an' preferred list men!



"Is dis de Botany department? Den tell me how in the hell I can get this specimen in my Herbarium!"

MOMENTS

One moment you gave me your
hand, dear;

That time was the first we had
met.

Another you offered me your
lips, dear;

That moment I'll never forget.
You gave me fresh lips still so
tender

I crushed them in one bruising
kiss.

That moment you lay in my
arms, dear,

I knew the extent of sweet
bliss.

One moment I offered my heart,
dear;

I still can recall all of that,
But the moment I'll always re-
member

Was the moment you gave me
my hat!

—Froth.

A story is told of a young
man who went walking in the
country. He suddenly came up-
on a nice horse grazing in the
field. He was perhaps the pret-
tiest horse he had laid eyes on.
He walked up to the farmer
nearby and said:

"Do you want to sell that
horse?"

"Sure, I want to sell the
horse," the farmer replied.

"Can he run?"

"Can he run? Look," there-
upon slapping the part of the
horse sometimes used for that
purpose, and off trotted the
horse full speed, running just as
prettily as could be.

When a man of sixty marries
a girl of twenty-five it's like buy-
ing a book for somebody else to
read.

—Beanpot.

The young man thought he
had never seen a prettier horse.
Suddenly the horse ran full
speed into a tree.

"Is he blind?" the young fel-
low hurriedly blurted.

The farmer thought even
quicker.

"Hell, no," he drawled. "He
just doesn't give a damn."

—Gargoyle

First Athlete: See that girl
up in the stands?

Second Ditto: Well, what
about her?

First Athlete: Well, she's
fresh from the country and it's
up to us to show her the differ-
ence between right and wrong.

Second Ditto: O. K., pal. You
teach her what's right.

—Punch Bowl

"Do they make false eyes out of glass?"
"Certainly. How else could you see through them?"



The valor and candid simplicity of the Indian Babu is proverbial. A story goes of one, anent the German East Campaign, who was one of the most laconic, competent, deadly earnest station-masters and marksmen combined that ever lived. In a difficult situation, he was forced to send the following wire: "One hundred Germans attacking station. Send immediately one rifle and one hundred rounds ammunition."

My Nerves!!

Landlord (to prospective tenant): "You know we keep it very quiet and orderly here. Do you have any children?"

"No."

"A piano, radio or Victrola?"

"No."

"Do you play any musical instrument? Do you have a dog, cat or parrot?"

"No, but my fountain pen scratches a little sometimes."

—*Penn Punch Bowl*



"The first year I married I lived in Cleveland, Denver, and New York."

"I'll bet you liked Cleveland the most."

The girl I left behind me
I think of night and day,
For if she ever found me
There'd sure be hell to pay.
—*Michigan Gargoyle*



"Daddy, how do animals breed?"
"Why—uh—troo der noses, ob course."
—*Pitt Panther*

Olive Oyl: So you are going to France on your honeymoon?

Meme: Yes, George says after we are married he will show me where he was shot in the war.



"Could I see the captain of this ship?"

"He's forward, Miss."

"I'm not afraid. I'm used to men."

—*Reserved Red Cat*

W E L C O M E
Summer School Students

Johnson-Prevost

**Dry
Cleaners**

Phone 7011

*All
Ladies' Work
A Specialty*

CHOOSE YOUR CLEANER CAREFULLY

Happy Snappy Service

ISN'T THIS THE MOST IMPORTANT STATEMENT EVER MADE IN A CIGARETTE ADVERTISEMENT?



IT IS A FACT,

well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE** tobaccos than any other popular brand. We actually pay **MILLIONS MORE** every year to insure your enjoyment.

(Signed) **R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.**

Winston-Salem, N. C.

BUCK JR.

SEPTEMBER

10c

1933



"If Captain Smith proposed last night why are you so angry?"
"You don't know what he proposed."

■ CARTOONS ■ JOKES ■ BUCKSHOTS ■

Picture Frames and Kodak Finishing

Largest and Best Equipped
Finishing Plant in North Carolina

We Lend Kodaks

—♦—

Foister Photo Co.

buck jr.

Volume III September, 1933 No. 3

EDITOR.....*Karl Sprinkle*

BUSINESS MANAGER.....*James E. Allen*

Published at Chapel Hill, N. C.

Address all communications to Box 5

Aunt Jemima: Lissy, what you doin' up there?

Voice from Above: . . .I'se playin' solitaire, mammy.

Aunt Jemima: Well, you come down here and wash yo hands and mix up dese biscuits.



Try Laxalax the new cold cure
And fight the sniffles off;
Two tablets every morning
And you'll be afraid to cough.



Then there is the crack that runs thusly:
"Pajamas are garments that newlyweds keep under the pillow to be used in case of fire."

Sid: My, how fast your heart is beating, it sounds like a drum.

Ruth: Yeah, that's the call to arms.
—*Exchange*



Judge: You are accused of shooting squirrels out of season; is there any plea?

Him: Yessir, judge, I plead self defense.
—*Penn State Froth*



The Wife: You say the new secretary is young and willing?

The Tired Business Man: Well, she's not very young . . .

No Fooling! . . .

The Sensible

The Original

The Friendly

PLACE TO EAT

is

The

Tar Heel Restaurant

Ask the boys who eat there!

**Toasted -- Tested
Sandwiches**

With Thousand Island Dressing

OPEN ALL NIGHT

"Stand behind your lover," said the Scotchman to his unfaithful wife, "I'm going to shoot you both."



Joseph College: I paid a hundred dollars for that dog—part collie and part bull.

Elizabeth Co-ed: Which part is bull?

Joseph College: That part about the hundred dollars.



Doctor: You must avoid all forms of excitement.

Male Patient: But, Doctor, can't I even look at them on the street?

RENT A New Car

Ford

Chrysler

U-Drive-It-Yourself Inc.

Opposite Carolina Theatre

DIAL J-8171

DURHAM, N. C.

Craftsmanship



P
R
I
N
T
I
N
G

The Orange Printshop
CHAPEL HILL . . . NORTH CAROLINA

Mary had a little skirt,
And it was very tight.
Who gives a damn
For Mary's lamb
With Mary's calves in sight?

—Battalion



"That portrait is the breathing image of your Uncle Antonio."

"Gracious! Pour some Listerine on it quick."

—The Brown-Jug



"Let me pour you another drink. I've heard you like good liquor."

"Sure, but pour me another anyway."

—Log



Sign in a Scotch Cafe: Use less sugar and stir like hell; we don't mind the noise.

—Rammer-Jammer

Passionate Pedro: Ah, senorita, you are divine! I loff you! I weesh your embrace! Geef me you kees!"

Fair Tourist (blushing): There's no need—my apartment is never locked.

—Froth



The modern maid
Like her Grecian sister
Sits up and
Listens to a lyre all night.

—Minnesota Sti-U-Mah



MEN ONLY READ THIS

Out of ninety thousand women there will
be eighty-nine thousand, nine hundred and
ninety-four who will read this. The other
six will be blind.

—Yellow Jacket



The Young Men's Shop

126-128 East Main Street

DURHAM, N. C.

10% Discount on all TEXT BOOKS

5c - Read a Book Three Days - 5c
(Over 150 Titles on a special shelf)

Circulating Library

Latest Romance, Detective, Biography,
Fiction, Drama.



The Intimate Bookshop

Washington Duke Hotel Building

DURHAM, N. C.

Hiram took Dotty out riding in his buggy and proposed a hundred times to no avail. Back home on the porch, he tried again and she promptly accepted:

Hiram: Dotty, dear, why do you take me now after refusing all evening?

Dotty: Well, mother accepted my father while they were riding in a horse and buggy, and on the way home the buggy turned over and killed father.



"Did you know, dear, that tunnel we just passed through was two miles long and cost \$12,000,000?" said the young man to his sweetheart.

"Oh, really, did it?" she replied as she started to rearrange her disheveled hair. "Well, it was certainly worth it, wasn't it?"



"It takes guts to do this," said the moth as he popped on the windshield.

—Columns



She: Give me a sentence with the word "discrepancy" in it.

He: Read discrepancy how you like it.

= b u c k j r. =

Volume 3

September, 1933

Number 3

. . . B U C K S H O T S . . .

The difference between a camersole and a casserole is whether you put a chicken or a hen in it.

Father—The kin you love to touch.

Mountain gal—she was born to the hill country and hasn't been on the level since.

A bachelor is a man who never makes the same mistake once.

If all the hula dancers in the world were placed end to end, would their cheeks be red?

Many of the radical agitators are labor pains.

You can have your yachting and horse racing—we'll take our spurt eating grapefruit . . .

Girls who blush at jokes risque
Know the meanings anyway.

Nudism now has thousands of followers in all parts of the country—and that's not counting the mosquitoes either!

The best definition of progressive conversation: From weather to whether.

TOAST

Here's to the girl
Who is mine . . . all mine.
She drinks . . . she pets
She smokes cigarettes
And sometimes, I'm told
She goes out and forgets
That she's mine . . . all mine.

When a man has a brotherly feeling for a girl he seldom gives her his fraternity pin.

Intelligence is the ability on the part of the editor of a college comic magazine to distinguish between the naughty, the very, very naughty, and the terribly naughty. Will power is the ability to withstand the temptation to print the latter class.

To escape criticism live openly. Who ever heard any scandal about a goldfish?

A pessimist is a man who has experienced everything that an optimist looks forward to.

Man is a germ, a parasite;
He's just a real, but larger mite.

A diplomat is a person who pours banana oil on troubled waters.

A coach is a fellow who is willing to lay down your life for dear old alma mater.

We are a stupid and
Most inconsistent nation;
We want to have the country
wet,
But balk at liquidation.

Loaf, though effort be sublime,
Study is the thief of time.

Who milks the cow and feeds the chickens when daughter comes down here to be a summer school student?

SPRIG

Sprig's the tibe whed youg med's
fadcy
Throw's off widter's hesitadcy.

A censor is a person who shears instead of shares a good thing.



"You're too old to cry, Tommy."

"Yeah, and I'm too young to have what I'm crying for!"

Of course there's that co-ed at Southern Cal. that sent an article in to "True Confessions."—Did she register surprise when the New York editor came out to pay her a visit? Now, gents, I'm eskink you.

We know about the postman's holiday, but what about the street cleaner that spent his day off picking up political speeches on the radio?

"How does Grace kiss?"
"Did you ever try to play a tuba?"

—Columbia

And there was the Scotchman who gave the gal a watch case for a present one Xmas, and then gave her the works the next.

—Octopus

The feet look as they did all right;
The arms look just the same in bed;
I recognize my waist and chest,
But where in hell did I get the head?

Yale "Record"

Mabel was in boarding school and wrote home to papa for money to buy a bicycle. Two weeks later she writes for money to buy the cutest little pet monkey. The monkey gets mange and Mabel wires daddy, "What shall I do, all the hair is coming off of my monkey?"

Return wire, "Sell your bicycle honey."

"When I talk to you I have to feel for my words?"

"Yeah, you must think they are tattooed on me."



Prof: Now supposing all the girls in Brooklyn and all the girls in New York were gathered together on the Brooklyn bridge. What book would that remind you of?

Betty Co-ed: The Tale of Two Cities.



And then there's the shoemaker's daughter who gave the boys her awl.



Man (very hoarse with cold, knocks at doctor's home and the doc's wife answers door): Is the doctor at home?

Wife (also in whisper): No, come in.

—Kitty Kat



Moke: Gotta see a man about a dog.

Bloke: Pointer or setter?



"How many times have we kissed tonight?"

"Twice. Remember when I had to answer the doorbell?"



Did Ira Kuhn use the cactus, received at the Dragon meeting, as per instructions?

—Carnegie Puppet

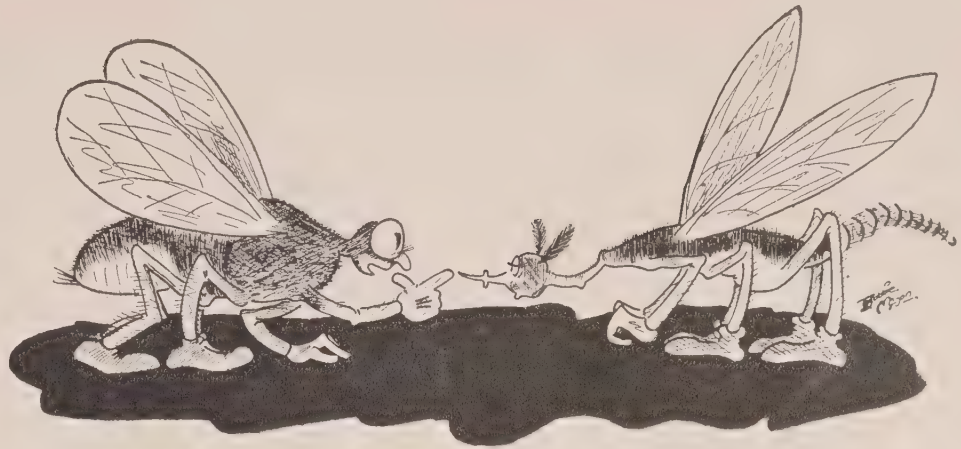
What were the instructions?



News flash:

**W O M A N BOOTLEGGER
NABBED WITH SIX FLASKS
CONCEALED IN BLOOMERS.**

How's that for a kick in the pants?



"What happened to Joe Bug?"

"Oh, he got moth-balled down at the meeting last night."

Now I know who killed Goliath,
And who travelled in the
whale,

And I know that Moses rose in
wrath

At those who worshipped
Baal.

And I know that Noah's Ark was
crammed

With all the birds and beasts,
And I know the Sodomites were
damned;

That Eli's sons were priests.
In fact I've studied through The
Book,

And read all the "begats,"
I've searched in every hidden
Nook

And mastered many facts.
I don't know one thing tho, but
maybe

You do—tell me please:
When Adam was a baby
Who was it changed his
leaves?



"Whatcha doin', dad, kissin'
the maid?"

"Bring me my glasses, son, I
thought it was your mother."

"Well, young lady, what do
you think reasonable as a salary
for this position?"

"I should say one hundred and
fifty dollars a month."

"I will pay that with pleas-
ure."

"Oh, that will be three hun-
dred dollars."



Hubby: I accidentally caught
sight of the maid in her paja-
mas. Dear, she's almost as good
a figure as you have.

Wife: So the chauffeur says.

—Green Griffin

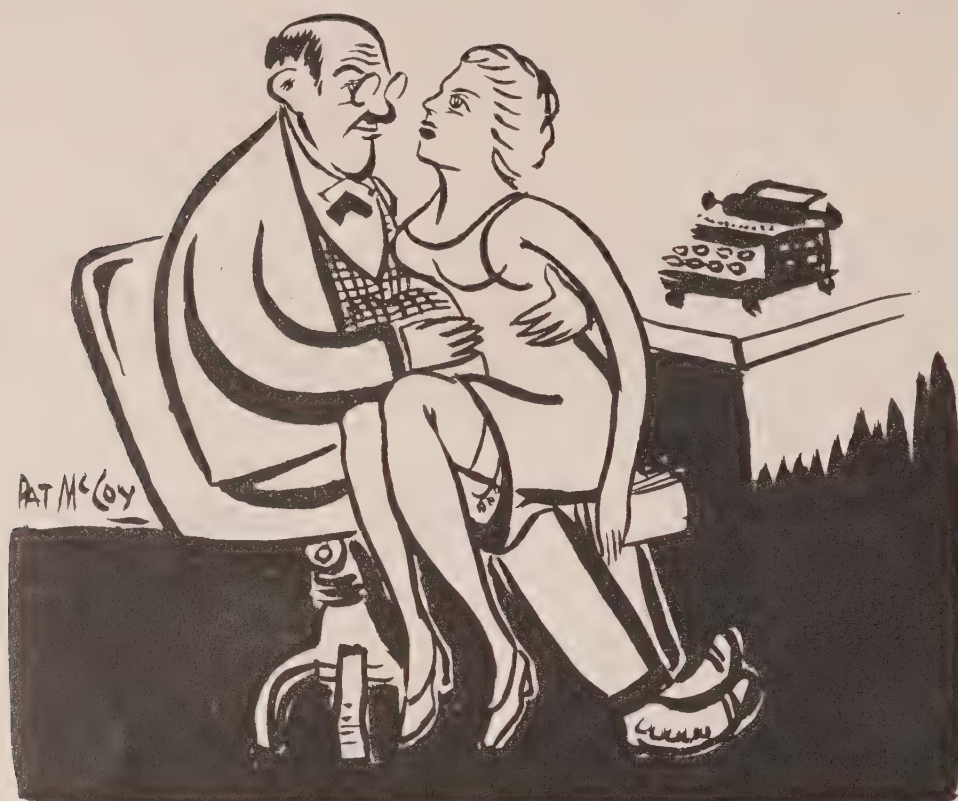


Girls who offer no resistance
Lead an awfully nice existence.



Here's to the gal
I'm gonna kill:
She never does
But always will.

—Medley



"Thanks, Miss Glotts, for staying overtime."

"Oh, don't mention it; the fervor was all mine."

VIRTUE

—in the female, lack of temptation;

—in the male, lack of opportunity.

—*Brown Jug*



DETECTIVES

"I can let you have a cot in the ballroom," replied the clerk, "but there is a lady in the opposite corner, and if you don't make any noise she'll be none the wiser."

"Fine," said the tired man, and into the ballroom he went.

Five minutes later he came running out to the clerk.

"Say," he cried, "that woman in there is dead!"

"I know it," was the answer. "But how did you find out?"

—*Punch Bowl*



"May I have your daughter for my wife?"

"Bring your wife around and I'll see."

"Should evening dresses be worn to bridge parties?"

"No. In playing cards it is necessary only to show your hand."

—*Carnegie Tech Puppet*



Woman, visiting kennels: Is that a real bloodhound over there?

Kennel Master: Yes, lady. Rover, come over here and bleed for the lady.

—*Battalion*



Hitch hiker peers into parked auto and asks, "How far is Old Faithful Inn?"

Answer: "None of your damn business."



"There's most everything on the menu today, sir."

"Yeah, well bring me a clean one that I can read."

—*Skipper*



Pat, a six-foot Irishman, was given a job at the door of a big theater. He was well dressed up in a spiffy uniform and his sole task was to say “left” as the customers came in.

One day an elderly lady entered and he promptly chimed forth with his "Left." The lady turned to him and said, "But I have a mezzanine box."

Pat looked at her out of the corner of his eye and answered, "I don't care if ye have gold teeth. Left, left."

—*State Lion*



Pastor: Why don't you come to services any more, my young man?

Stude: Oh, the choir is terrible.

Pastor: What the hell do you expect for a dime—a Russian ballet?

—*Lehigh Burr*



"Was that your little brother bawling last night?"

"Yes Ma'am, and after four bawls he got his base warmed."



"Why did you leave my class yesterday morning, Miss Jones?"

"Prof, I was moved by your lecture."

Take the dice away from baby
before he craps on the floor.

"There ain't a hotel here," he said, "but you can sleep with the station agent."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, "I'll have you know that I am a lady."

"That's all right," drawled the old man, "so is the station agent."

—Log



First gentleman of color: And boy that ghost came through that wall just like there wasn't no wall there.

Second ditto: Wha'd you do?

F. G. C.: Ah went through the other wall the same way.

—Log



"Do you think your son will forget all he learned at college?"

"I hope so. He can't make a living necking."

—*Punch Bowl*



"Sorry I'm late folks—I got a little behind on my job downstairs."

Father: Mary, is that young man there yet?

Mary: No, father, but he's getting there.

—*Harvard Lampoon*



This story concerns a lonely student who bought a parrot to keep him company. The parrot, however, maintained a stolid silence, so the exasperated student went to the person who had sold him the bird and complained. The shopkeeper said, "Just take him by the legs and swing him around. He'll talk."

On returning to his room the student grasped the parrot by the legs and whirled him around.

"Whee!" cried the parrot.

At this encouraging response the student swung the bird faster.

"Wheeeee!" was the raucous reply.

The third time he whirled the bird about him with all his might, and the parrot chuckled. "Hot damn, what a breeze!"

—*Cornell Widow*



THIS MONTH'S POINTLESS JOKE

A middle-aged man came into a restaurant and ordered dinner. After bringing him his order, the waitress stood at a little distance to watch him eat. She was surprised to see him take the lettuce salad from the plate and begin rubbing the leaves in his hair. Approaching him, she said, "I beg your pardon, but why are you rubbing that lettuce in your hair?" The customer stopped, looked at the lettuce, and replied rather apologetically, "I'm so sorry, I thought it was spinach."

—*Arizona Kitty-Kat*

Pi: Man oh man, was he ever a necker!

Phi: Who?

Pi: Da Vinci—they say he spent two years on Mona Lisa's lips.

—*Nebraska Awgwan*



THIRTEEN DAYS

For thirteen days and nights
The jitters had me down.
I saw the damndest sights
You ever saw in town.

The thirteen grass-green apes,
The thirteen thundering
Things

That each had thirteen shapes,
And thirteen purple rings!

The thirteen cross-eyed shoats
That rolled around on wheels;
And thirteen pink-eared goats
With harp-strings on their
heels!

So I took thirteen gulps
From thirteen twelve-ounce
flasks;
And thirteen drunken ducks
Went weaving past in masks!

I lay me down to sleep.
The bed whirled thirteen
times.

I tried my best to keep
From mumbling crazy
rhymes.

There wasn't any use.
The bed rose with a bound.
And jumped a herd of moose,
Then—darkness—not a sound!
—*Skipper*



Doctor: The best thing you can do is give up cigarettes, liquor and women.

Patient: What's the next best thing.

—*Kansas Sour Owl*

"Another combination shot," said the co-ed as she leaned too far over the billiard table.

—*Awgwan*



"What do you do for a living?"

"I paint men and women."

"Ah, a portrait painter."

"No, a specialist! I paint
"MEN" on one door and "WO-
MEN" on the other.



"How did Jim feel when you told him you would marry him?"

"I couldn't tell any difference."



The Physical Experiment

Element: Woman.

Occurrence: Found wherever man exists. Seldom in the free state, with few exceptions in the combined state.

Physical Properties: All colors, sizes, shapes, and ages. Usually in disguised condition. Face covered with a film of composite material. Boo-hoos at nothing and may freeze at any moment; however, melts when properly treated. Very bitter if not well used.

Chemical Properties: Very active, possesses a great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, precious stones, or anything of value. Violent reaction when left alone. Ability to absorb expensive food at any time. Undissolved by liquids, but activity greatly stimulated when treated with spirits solution. Sometimes yields to pressure. Turns green when placed beside a more handsome specimen. Ages very rapidly, usually getting into permanently enlarged state. Fresh variety has great magnetic attraction.

Caution: Highly explosive when in unexperienced hands.

—*Exchange*

Last night I held a little hand
So dainty and so neat
I licked my lips, my pulse ran
up,

I couldn't keep my heat,
My eyes popped right out of my
head,

Hot lust rose uppermost
It seemed as though my every-
thing

Would curl right up and roast.
This sort of thing's too good to
last,

But what made my heart sing
Was what my fingers touched
last night—

Three aces and a king.

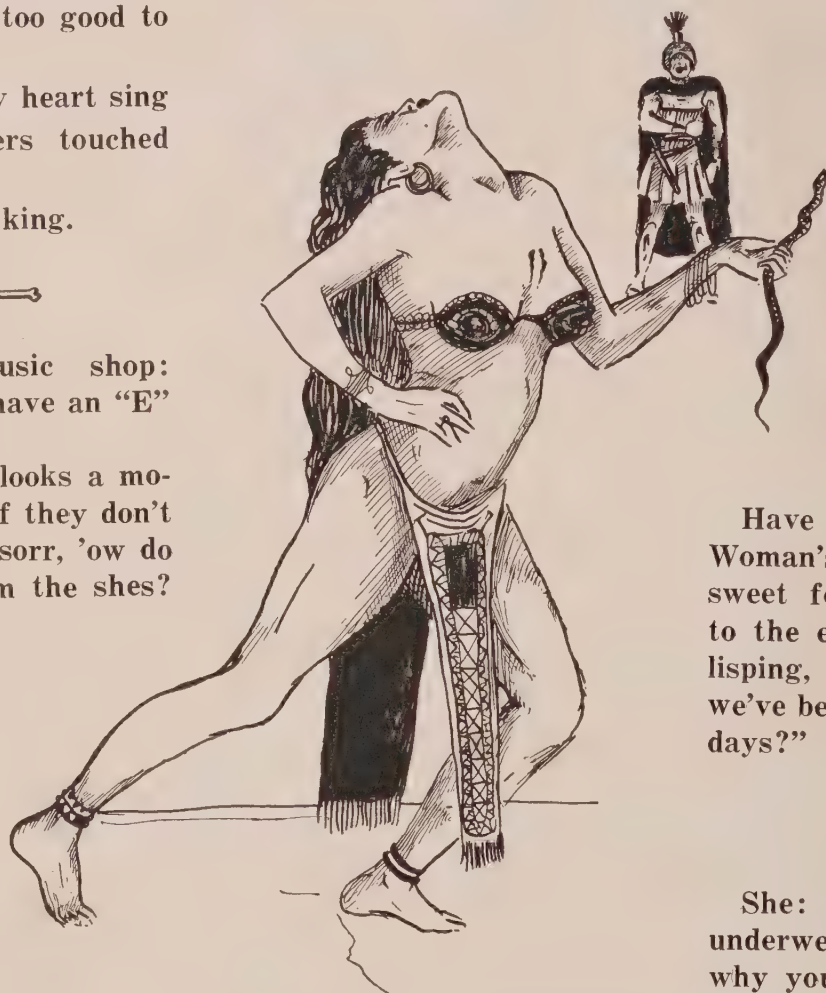


Customer in music shop:
Young lady, let me have an "E"
string.

Cockney salesgirl looks a mo-
ment, then: 'anged if they don't
all look alike to me sorr, 'ow do
you tell the 'es from the shes?

Bore: Yes, I
don't know how it
is, but I feel thor-
oughly wound up
tonight.

Hostess: How
strange! And yet
you don't seem to
go. — *Brown Jug*



It's the girls without principle who draw
the interest!

"What in the hell are you do-
ing down there in the cellar?"
demanded the rooster.

"Well, if it's any of your
damned business," replied the
hen haughtily, "I'm laying in a
supply of coal."

—*Brown Jug*

Frosh: Look at the wrinkles
on that co-ed's neck!

Senior: Wrinkles, hell! Those
are Service Stripes.

—*Voo Doo*



"Mother, if I go broke in
Hollywood I'll have to sleep un-
der the stars."

"BEER EXPLODES AS
JUDGE TALKS."

Boston Herald

Burp!



"Gotta match?"

"No, here's a light."

"How can I pick my teeth
with that?"

A young lady went
into a drug store,
"Have you any Life-
buoy?" she asked.

"Set the pace, la-
dy," said the young
drug clerk, "set the
pace."

—*Pitt Panther*

Have you heard one on the
Woman's College, where the
sweet feminine voice drifts in
to the electric company's office
lispig, "Please send us a man,
we've been using candles for two
days?"



She: This is very expensive
underwear I am wearing tonight,
why you couldn't even touch it
for less than twenty dollars.

He: Good-bye.



Teacher: Johnny, when is the
harvest season?

Johnny: November to March.

Teacher: Why, where did you
get such a funny idea as to name
those barren months?

Johnny: My daddy told me:
he's a plumber.

"Is this The Salvation Army?"
"Yes."

"Do you save bad women?"

"Well save me a couple for
Saturday night."

—*Buffalo Bison*



Don't worry, Frosh — the back-slapping won't stop now that you've been pledged. It'll just move further down!

He knocked at the door of my room.

"May I come in? It's the room I had when I went to college in '09," he said.

"Yes, sir," he said, lost in reverie. "Same old room. Same old windows. Same old furniture. Same old view of the campus. Same old closet."

He opened the door. There stood a girl, terrified, half clothed.

"This is my sister," I said.

"Yes, sir. Same old story!"

—Arizona Kitty-Kat



Co-ed—Shopping: Where can I get some silk covering for my settee?

Floor Walker: Next aisle and to your left for the lingerie department, Miss.

—Cornell Widow



"This dress doesn't quite come up to my expectations."

"Oh, but madame, we couldn't make it any shorter." Nuts, gents, nuts—.

First Mosquito: Hooray, here comes a new arrival.

Second Mosquito: Good—let's stick him for the drinks.

—Wampus



"This knocks hell out of my plans," said the heretic in the executioner's chamber.



City Boarder: Milking the cow?

Hiram: Naw, just feeling her pulse.

—Log



1st Customer: Pie me, fella.

2nd Customer: Hamburger me.

1st Customer: Coffee me.

2nd Customer: Why er-a I'll have a glass of milk.

—Exchange



Butcher: Would you like a nice turkey for Christmas, lady?

Woman: No, I want a nice goose.

Butcher: Hmmm, can you take it?

—Lyre

"What do you take for your insomnia?"

"A glass of wine at regular intervals."

"Does it make you sleep?"

"No, but it makes me satisfied to stay awake."

—Phoenix



"Do angels have wings, mother?"

"Yes, darling."

"Can they fly?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then when is nurse going to fly? I heard daddy call her angel."

"Tomorrow, darling."

Oklahoma Aggrievator



The family black sheep took the car out the other night, lost control, and got rammed!

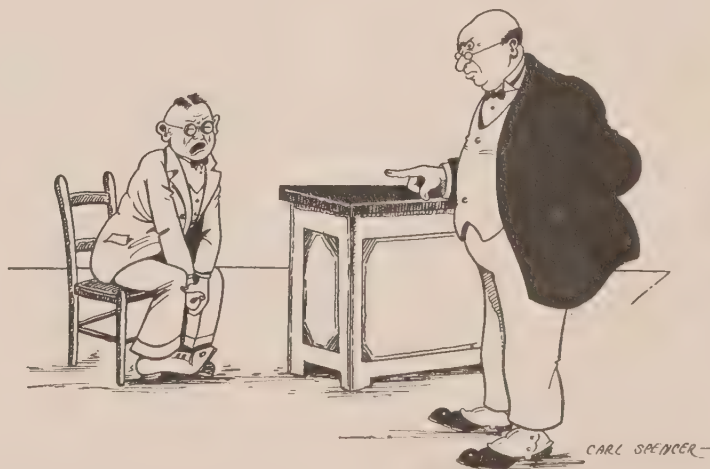
—Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay



"BOYCOTTS BEER SELLERS—W.C.T.U. HEAD WON'T BUY GASOLINE FROM THEM."

—Public Ledger

What are we really drinking?



"Why! do you look so pained?"

"I'm lazy."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"I'm sittin' on a cigarette."

BULL

"Hey, Mama, look, look! I can tell which one of them is a bull."

"Junior, not so loud. Everybody's looking. Keep still!"

"Hey, Mama, I know how to tell a bull when I see one."

"Junior, keep still, or I'll take you home this very minute."

"Hey, Mama, wanna know how I can tell the bull, huh?"

"You just wait 'til I get you home, you little brat."

"Hey, Mama, sure I know how to tell a bull when I see one. See, Mama, there's one. Wanna have me tell you, Mama, how I can tell, huh, Mama?"

"Junior, please keep still. Mama'll get you anything if you'll please keep quiet."

"Well, Mama, I can tell by the ring in his nose, that's how! See, Mama?"



Student in car (to sweet young thing): Pardon me—er—but—

S. Y. T.: No, you've never met me at Palm Beach, Newport, or Saranac Lake. I wasn't in the Pullman car on the New York Express last Tuesday afternoon. I know I'm goodlooking and I'm not bashful. I'm not going your way and I wouldn't ride with you on a bet. I didn't ever go to school with you, I'm not waiting for a street car, I don't want a lift and I know plenty of college boys. Furthermore, I have a 220-pound fiance waiting for me. Now, were you going to say something?

Student in car: "Yes, dammit, you're losing your underwear!"

—Penn. State Froth



"Razor-blades? Oh, they're to cut the edge off the raw product!"

Psych Prof: According to eminent psychologists, soldiers and clergymen appeal most strongly to women.

Stude: Lordy, Lordy, make me an army chaplain.

—Wisconsin Octopus



The tired husband returned home after the day's grind to find his wife sitting on the floor with a black eye.

"Aha'." he snarled, "I told you about taking those exercises without a brassier on."

Lindsay: Did Mary blush when she tore her skirt on the car door?

Doyle: I didn't notice.

—Exchange



Coed: I'll have you know I have a reputation to maintain.

Stude: Lady, it wasn't my fault the likker gave out!

Pitt Panther



Iceman: Sorry I'm late madam—I got a little behind on the third floor."

First Negro: What fo' dat doctah comin' outa youah house?

Second Negro: Ah dunno, but Ah think Ah's got an inkling.

—*Mercury*



Judge (to servant acting as witness): Have you ever seen your master under the influence of intoxicating liquor?

Witness: No, your honor, I can't say that I have, but I have seen him lying on the floor swearing that he'd catch that bed the next time it came around.

—*Log*



He (in crowded roadster): Are you comfortable sitting on my lap?

She: Oh, quite!

He: How'd you like to change places with me then?

"Oh I know I'll say, Yes. When he caresses my hair, and his hands slip over my face to gently rest on my throat, and he whispers into my ear—I can't resist him—he talks to me softly, lips brushing my cheek—it's no use fighting the impulse, I can't resist, I have to do it.

—He says, "Shampoo, madam."

"Yes."

—*Life*



Iceman (entering kitchen with cake of ice): Hello, sonny.

Little Boy: Hey, when you say that, smile!

—*Orange Peel*



Jane: I want a shorter skirt than the one you showed me.

Clerk: This is the shortest we have. Have you tried the collar department.

—*Claw*

Latest



Records

Now Supplying Records
to WPTF, Raleigh, N. C.

at
75c each, Plus 3c sales tax

Records will be packed and mailed postage prepaid to
any town in North Carolina, South Carolina,
or Virginia at no additional cost

James E. Allen

P. O. Box 5
Chapel Hill, N. C.

MOST COMPLETE STOCK IN EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA

WELCOME FRESHMEN!

**Graham Memorial
Barber Shop**

Opposite Game Room

Late to bed
And late to rise
Others pass
But not us guys.

—Owl

Alfred Williams & Co.

**Students' Supplies
Athletic Supplies**

Clerk (to a suspicious looking young couple in the hotel lobby): I don't believe you people are married at all.

Lady: Sir! if my husband were only here he would make you swallow those words.

—Temple Owl

"It's getting late, you'd better take that co-ed home."

"What's the use—they won't let me keep her in the house."

—Froth

Happy - Snappy - Service

**Johnson-Prevost
Dry Cleaners**

PHONE 7011

Freshman: I've got a date tonight with a chiffonier.

Senior: Don't be silly, a chiffonier is a big thing with drawers.

Freshman: I know.

Visit the

**Pritchard-Lloyd
Drug Store**

"The Rexall Store"

You will find a Friendly Atmosphere
and the most Efficient Service possible

at

Gooch Brothers Cafe

Good Food at Fair Prices

Schlitz Beer on Draught - - 10c

Open 6 A. M. to 12 P. M.

**THOSE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
ARE
MILDER**

